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THE NEW MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HUMOR!

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# PLOP!

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NO. 6
AUG.
30610

## FLY ME... I'M JOSEPHINE!

NUMBER 6 JULY-AUGUST 1974

CARMINE INFANTINO—PUBLISHER OF

# PLOP!

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Bill Draut — Mike Sekowsky
John Jacobson — Steve Skeates
Lee Marrs — Basil Wolverton

and anybody else we can get to work for us cheap!

proudly present

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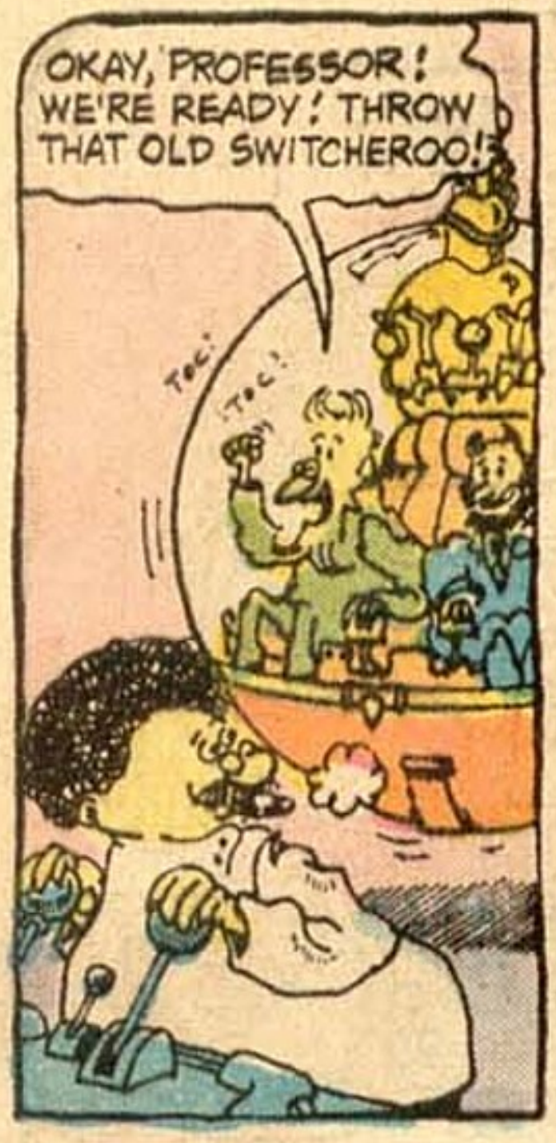

OKAY, PROFESSOR! WE'RE READY! THROW THAT OLD SWITCHEROO!
TOC!
TOC!

THEY'RE OFF--FURTHER OFF THAN THEY USUALLY ARE--SPINNING THROUGH TIME...
ZAP!

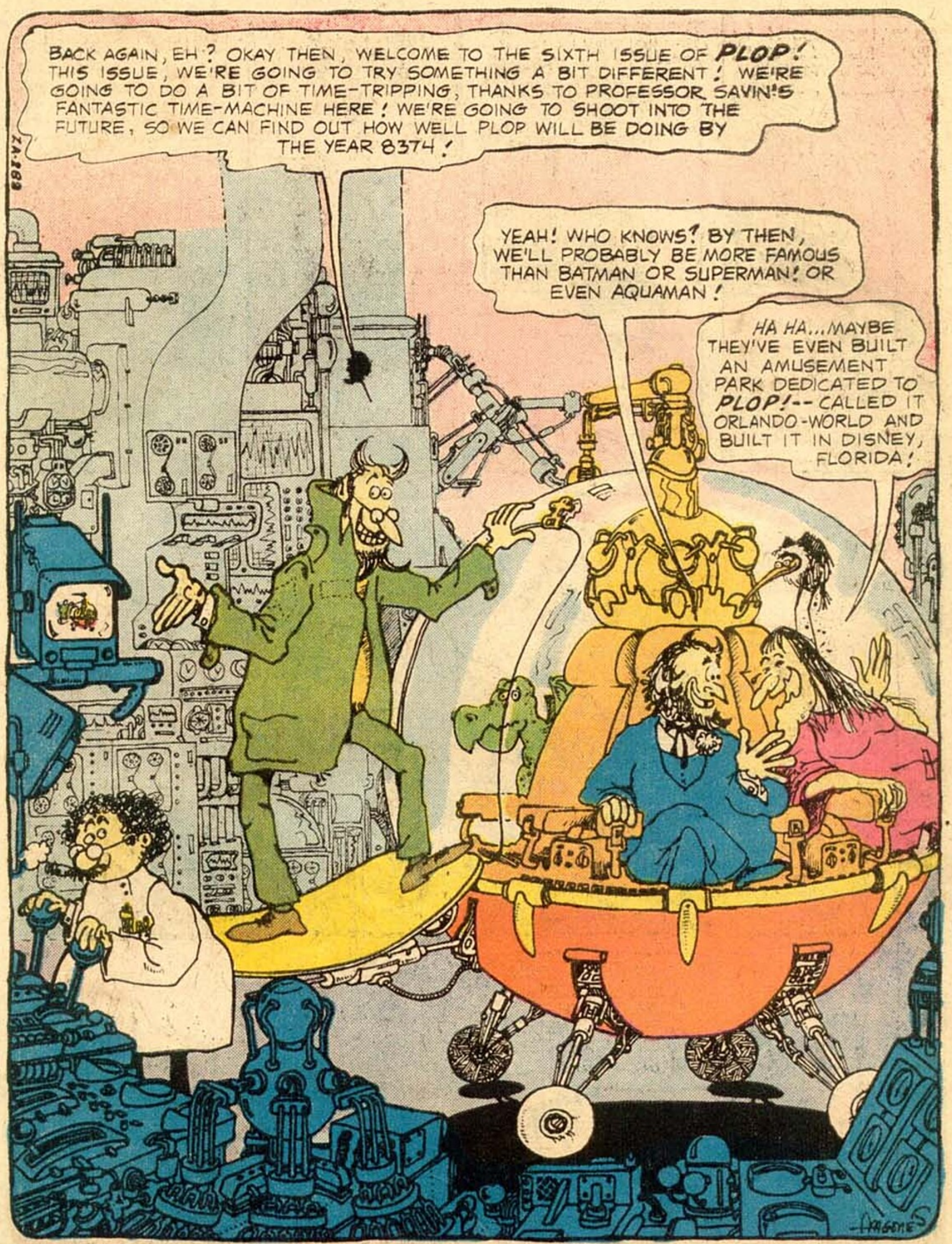
THEIR HEADS HEADING ONE WAY... THEIR STOMACHS ANOTHER...
ZAP!

UNTIL FINALLY...
WHEW! ALL THE STUPID SPINNING HAS FINALLY STOPPED! WE MUST BE THERE!

GULP! THIS ISN'T EXACTLY HOW I EXPECTED 8374 TO LOOK!
OH, NO! THAT DUMB PROFESSOR MUST'VE PRESSED THE WRONG BUTTON! WE'RE IN THE FAR, FAR PAST!
TH-THAT WELCOMING COMMITTEE DOESN'T LOOK EXACTLY FRIENDLY!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL MAKE FRIENDS SOON ENOUGH! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS ENTERTAIN THEM!... AHEM, MY DEAR NEANDERTHAL PEA-BRAIN... ER, I MEAN, FRIEND... WE'VE COME HERE TO TELL YOU STORIES AND JOKES IN ORDER TO AMUSE YOU... AND...

WACK!

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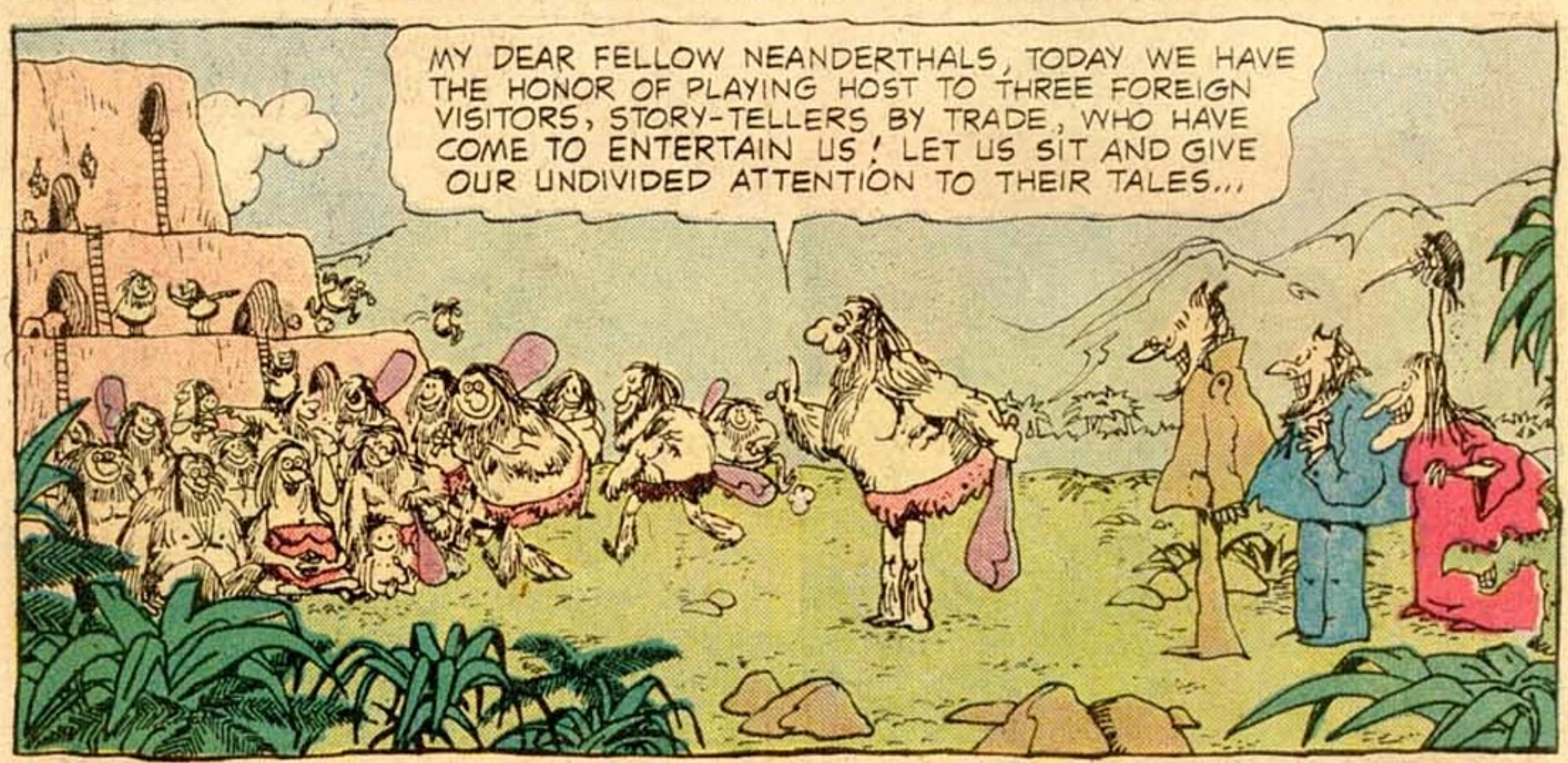
TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE, YOU CAVE-DWELLING CRETIN!
WACK!

JOLLY GOOD! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU STARTED ACTING LIKE HUMAN BEINGS! AND NOW THAT WE'VE BEEN PROPERLY INTRODUCED... PLEASE PROCEED WITH YOUR INTENDED MISSION! WE'LL BE DELIGHTED TO LISTEN TO YOUR NARRATIONS!


MY DEAR FELLOW NEANDERTHALS, TODAY WE HAVE THE HONOR OF PLAYING HOST TO THREE FOREIGN VISITORS, STORY-TELLERS BY TRADE, WHO HAVE COME TO ENTERTAIN US! LET US SIT AND GIVE OUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION TO THEIR TALES...

AND YOUR STORIES HAD BETTER BE GOOD, OR WE'LL HIT YOU ON THE HEAD SO HARD YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TIE YOUR SHOELACES WITH YOUR TONGUE!
ULP!

YES, WELL... UH... WE... WE'D LIKE TO S... ST... START WITH A JOKE OR TWO. A... AB... ABOUT...
PLOP!

WHA--WHAT WAS THAT FOR ?
YEAH ! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA ? YOU AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT TO --
TAP TAP TAP

WACK!

MAYBE... THEY DON'T SPEAK... YET! LET ME TRY SOMETHING !

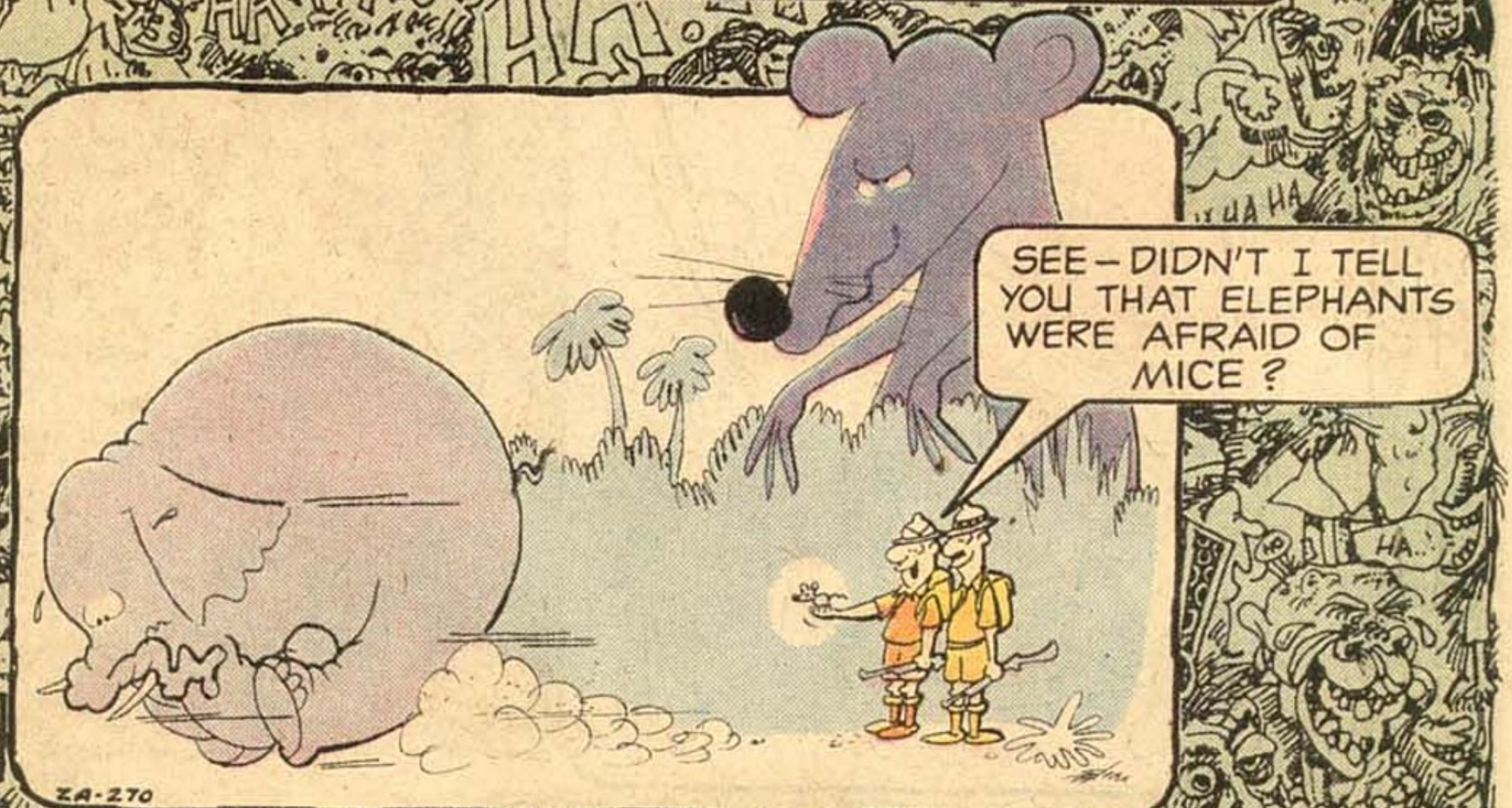
UGA! UGA! UGA! BULUGA!

UG.... AAAA!
WACK!

THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! I'LL SHOW YOU DUMB BRUTES A THING OR THREE!
SMAP!!

...CREATURES; THESE RIB-TICKLERS ARE ABOUT SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS AND THEIR TERRIBLE APPETITES. I CALL THESE JUICY TIDBITS...

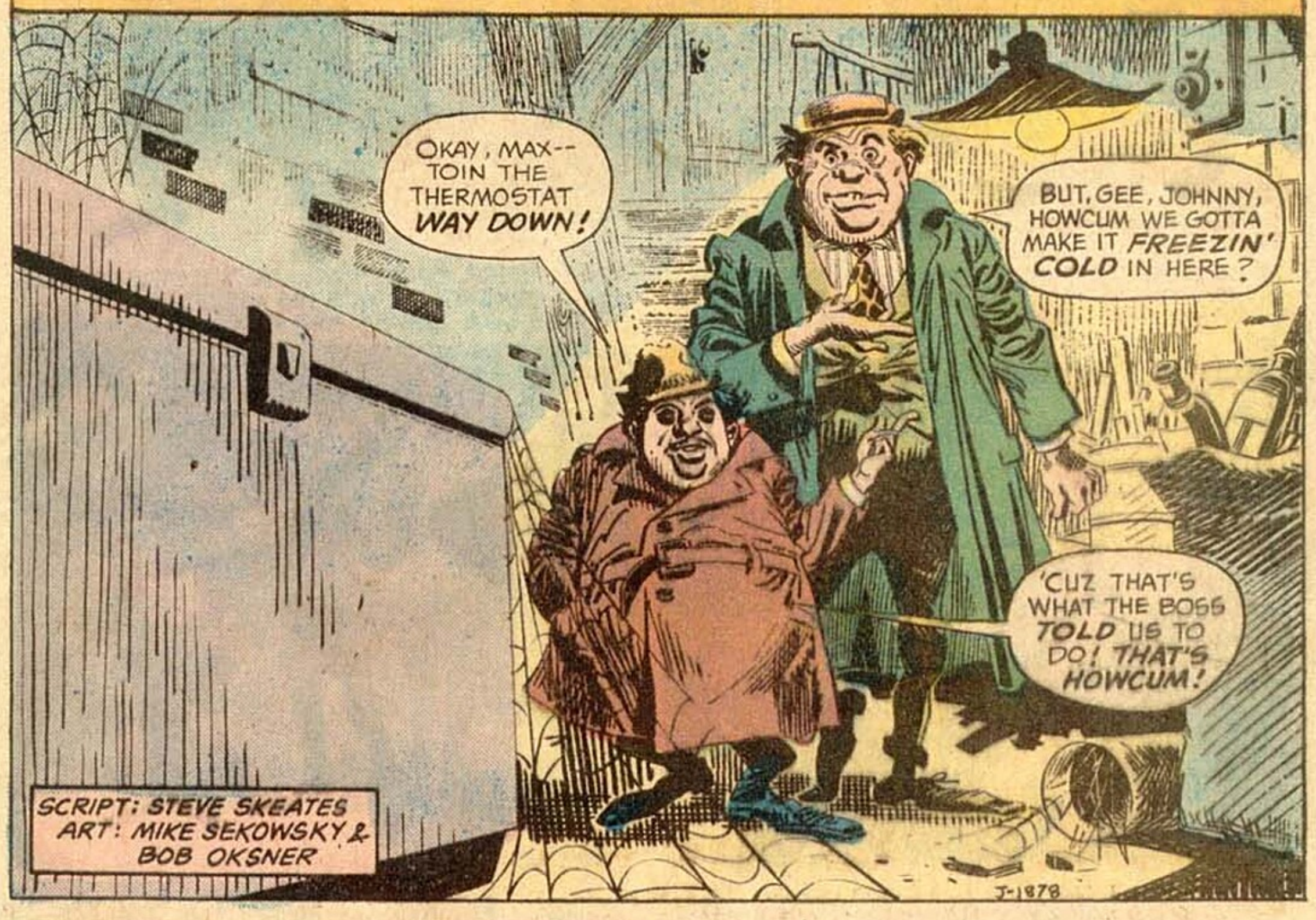
# MONSTER PLOPS

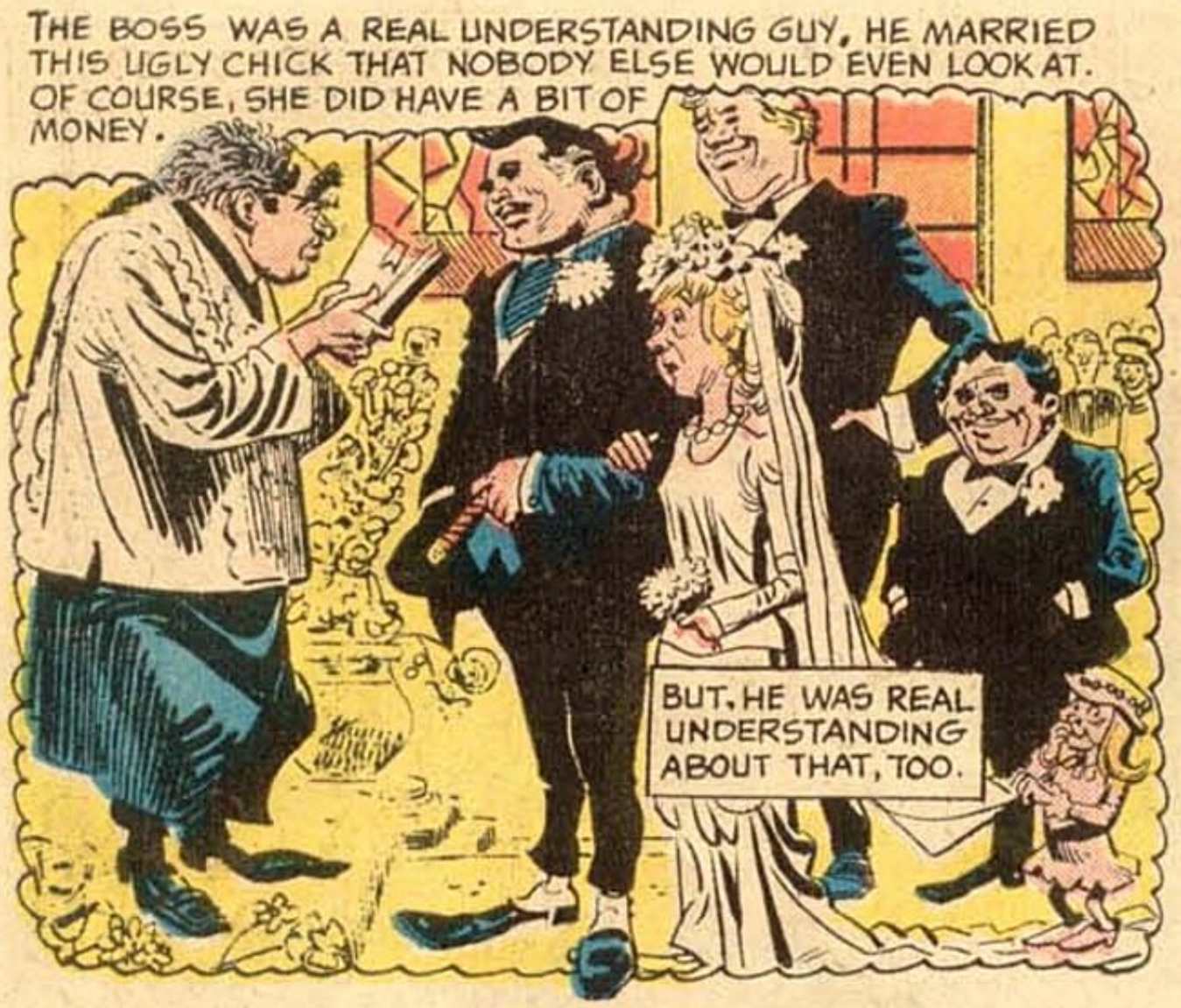


PLOP!
HA! HA!
HA!
WILL YOU SHUT UP ABOUT THE ENERGY CRISIS AND GET ON WITH THE EXPERIMENT!
HA HA
HA HA HA HO HO HO HI HI
HA!!!
HA HA
HA...
ZA-293
HA HA HA!
HA-HA-HA
RIP
YOU SURE SEEM GROUCHY TODAY, HAROLD--WHAT'S EATING YOU ?
HA HA HA
POP!
POP!
POP!
HA HA HA
HA HA HO HO
HA..HA
PLOP!
HA-HA-HA
HA-HA-HA
Hi..Hi Hi
ZA-292

HOW MUCH CAN WE LEARN ABOUT A MAN IN FOUR SHORT PAGES? NOWHERE NEAR EVERYTHING! BUT WE CAN PICK UP ON SOME OF THE...

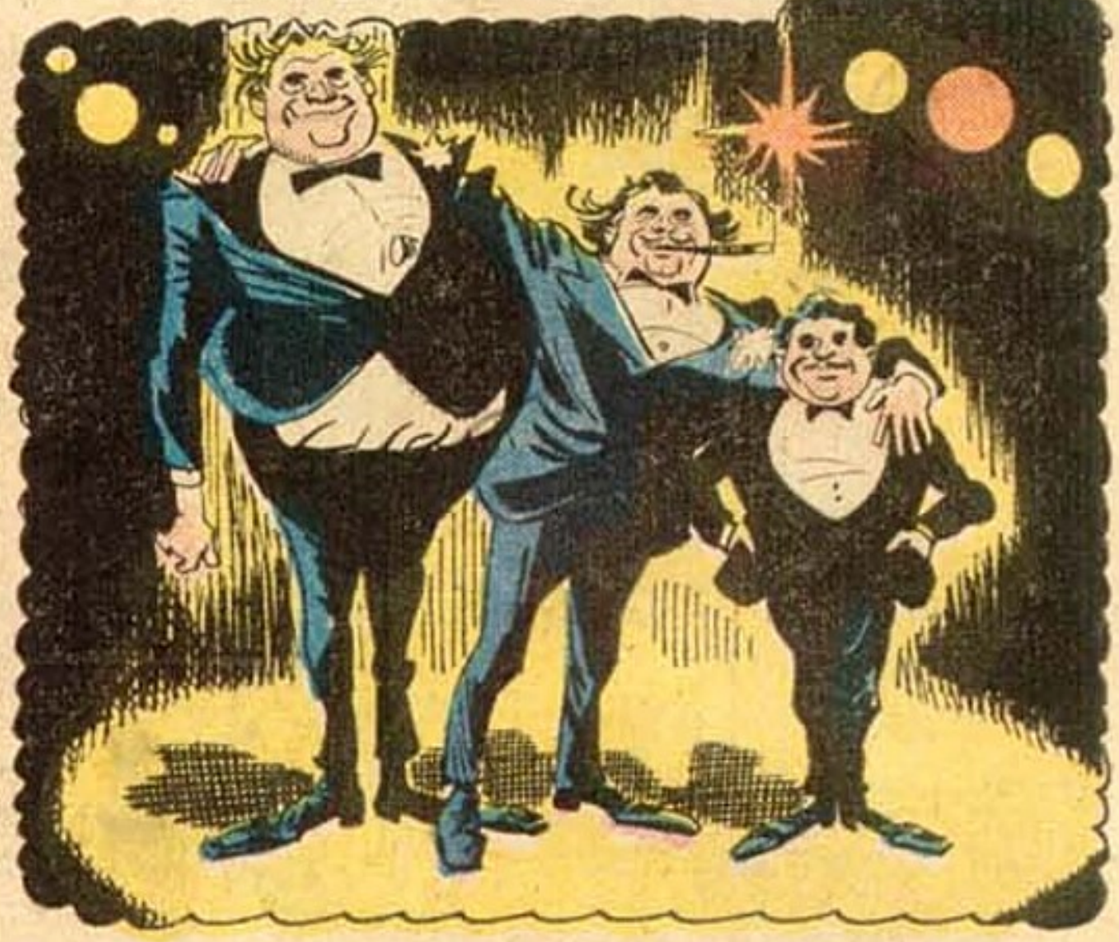
# BITS and PIECES of a CORRUPT LIFE!



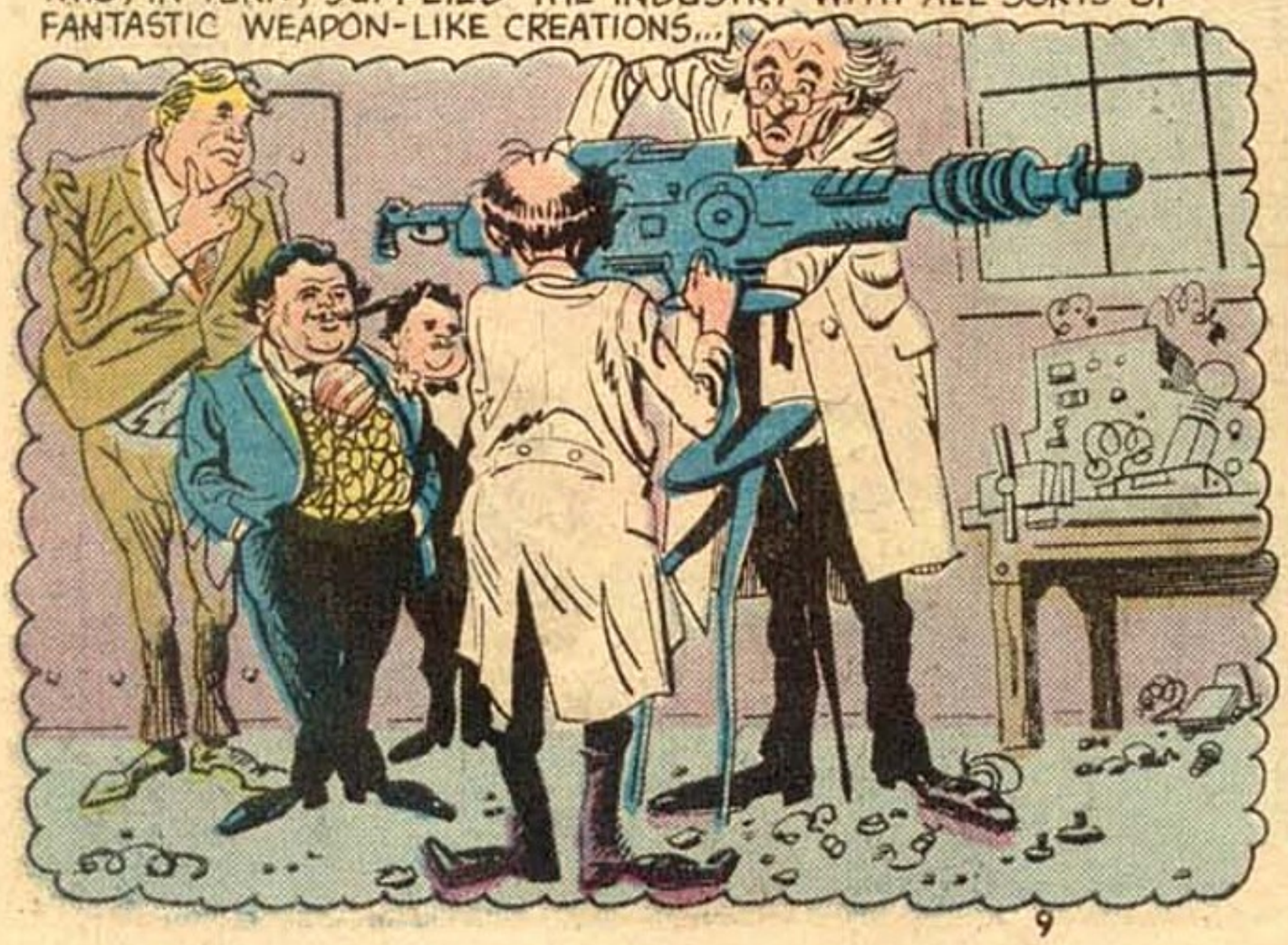


THE BOSS--HE TOOK GOOD CARE OF HIS WIFE, HANDLED HER INVESTMENTS HIMSELF--INVESTED HER MONEY IN A VERY LUCRATIVE BUSINESS--A CERTAIN INDUSTRY THAT HE JUST HAPPENED TO BE THE BOSS OF...

THERE WERE, OF COURSE, MANY LITTLE PEOPLE WHO BENEFITED FROM HIS INVESTMENT--PEOPLE LIKE JOHNNY AND MAX...



THE BOSS EVEN USED SOME OF THE MONEY TO HELP SUPPORT UNEMPLOYED UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS... RESPECTED SCIENTISTS... WHO, IN TURN, SUPPLIED THE INDUSTRY WITH ALL SORTS OF FANTASTIC WEAPON-LIKE CREATIONS...

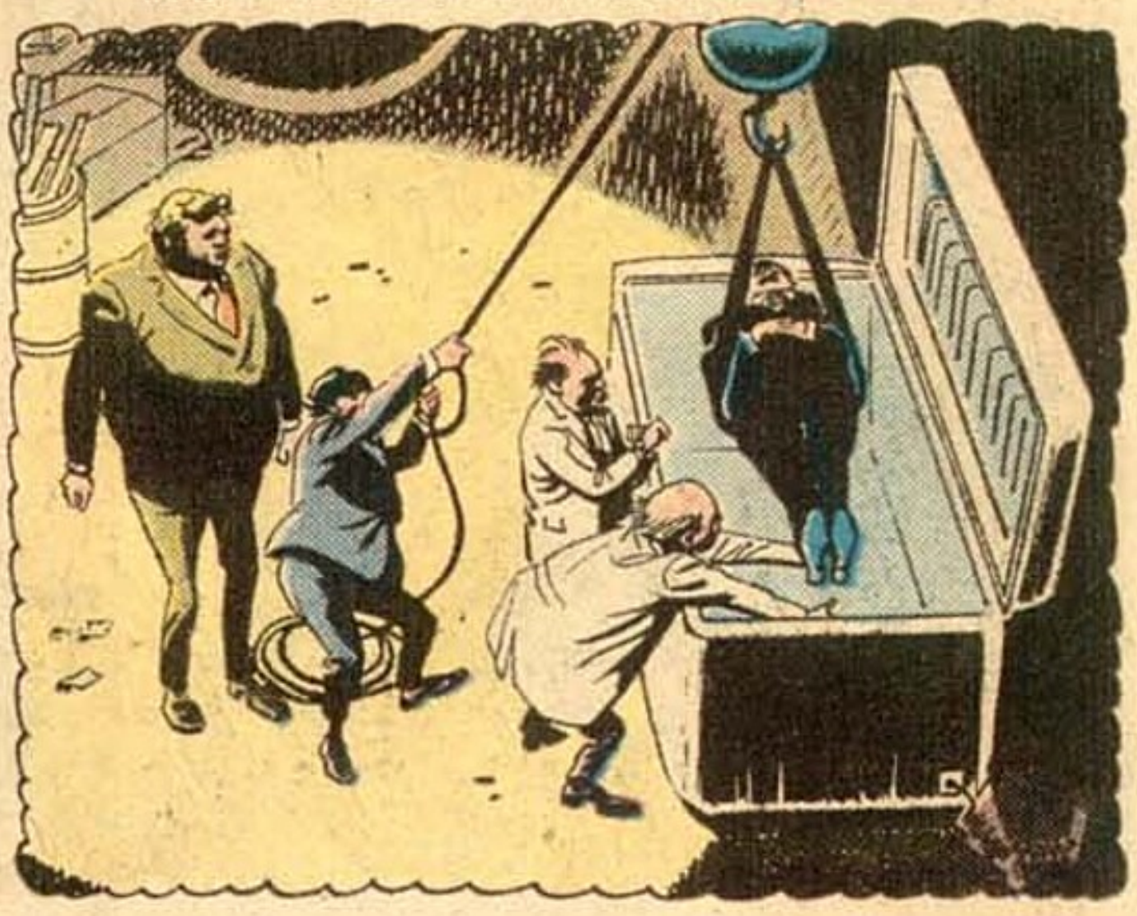


THE BOSS -- ONE DAY, WHILE COLLECTING MONEY FOR HIS INDUSTRY, HE WAS SPOTTED BY A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO WANTED TO ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT HIS BUSINESS...

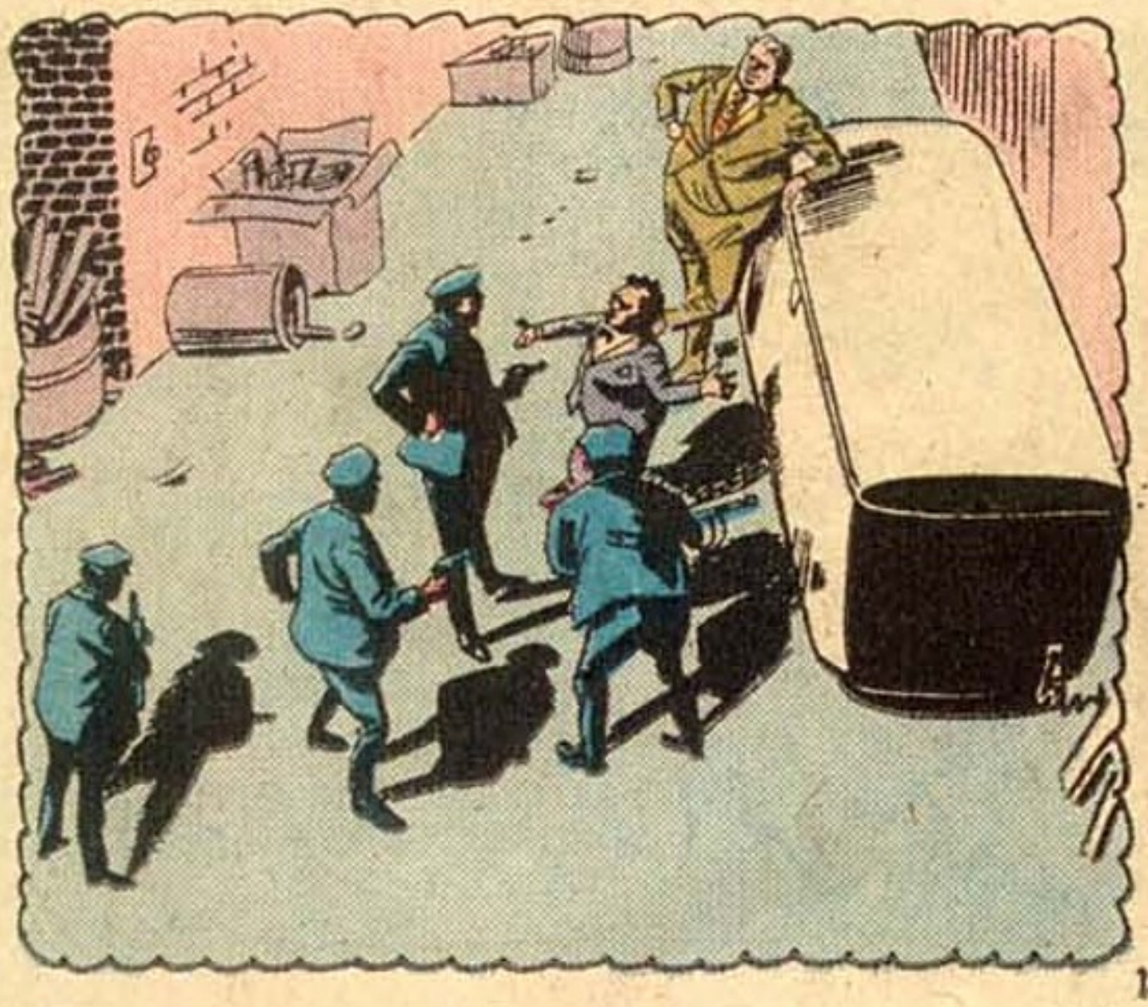
HE RACED BACK TO HIS HEADQUARTERS, KNOWING THAT SOON THIS GROUP OF PEOPLE WOULD ARRIVE. FIRST, HE HAD A LONG TALK WITH THE PROFESSORS IN HIS EMPLOY...

THEN, HE CALLED JOHNNY AND MAX INTO HIS OFFICE...

SO, THE BOSS DRANK A SPECIAL LIQUID PREPARED FOR HIM BY THE PROFESSORS... AND WAS PLACED IN THE FREEZER... FROZEN IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION...



AND, WHEN THIS CERTAIN GROUP ARRIVED, THEY COULD NOT FIND HIM. THEY, OF COURSE, DID NOT THINK TO LOOK INTO THE FREEZER...



AND NOW... THAT TWENTY YEARS HAVE PASSED... AND THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS HAS WORKED IN HIS FAVOR...

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
THE CIGAR THE BOSS GAVE ME! IT'S THE ONLY THING HE EVER GAVE ME EVER SINCE I KNOWED HIM!

I'VE BEEN SAVIN' IT ALL THIS TIME...

...SAVIN' IT SO'S I CAN SMOKE IT NOW... WHEN THE BOSS FINALLY COMES BACK TO LIFE!
HEY! WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU'RE...

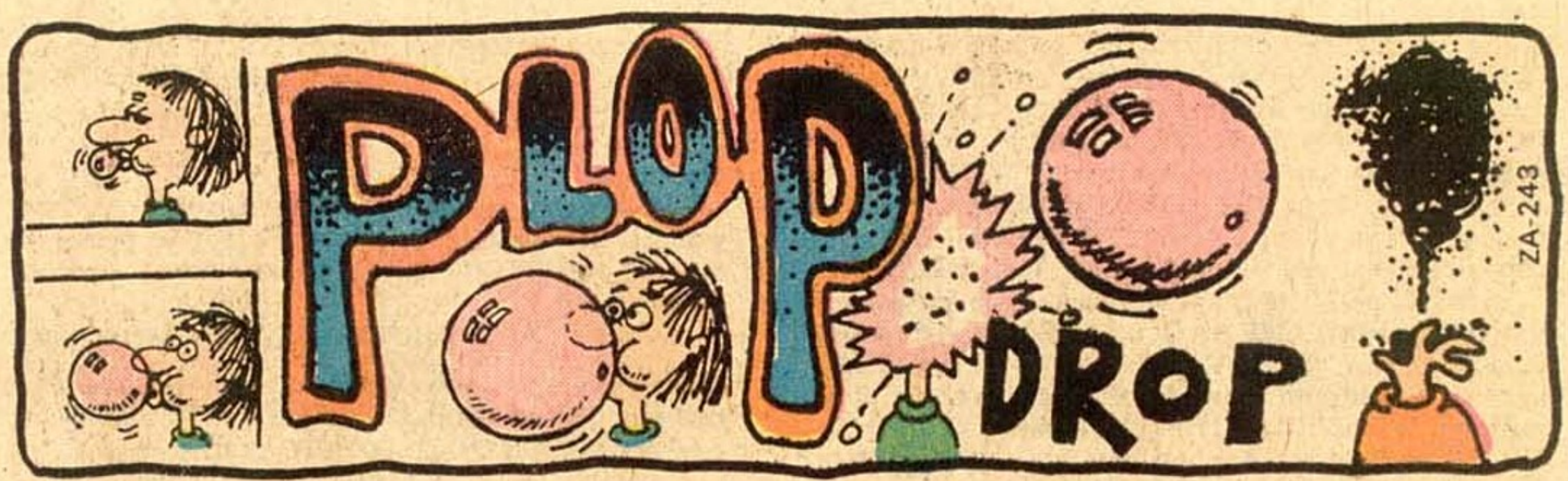
YIPE!
WHOOPS!

CRASH
CRUMBLE!

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS GOTTA LEAN ON SOMETHIN' WHEN YOU LIGHT A CIGAR??
BUT, GEE, JOHNNY, ALL I WAS TRYIN' TO DO WAS CELEBRATE!
AW... SHUT UP!

WELL, IF HE'S PLANNING A CELEBRATION, HE'S SURE GOT THE ICE CUBES FOR IT!
YEP, THAT'S THE BOSS ALL OVER! THE BITS AND PIECES OF HIS CORRUPT LIFE!

END./4




You characters out there have been really flooding us with your personal PLOPS and peerless prose and we're just pleased as punch! As a point of fact, some of them have been so perfect that we're going to print piles of them on a new page devoted to purchaser's PLOPS . . . next issue! In the passing period, we'll leave you in the capable hands of caretaker Cain, who's all ready to peruse your priceless puns . . .

Dear Ploppers,

Friends, Americans, Countrymen—lend me your hearing aids! After I feasted on Plop #3, I was so full I burped with laughter! I think your first three issues were superbly sickening. Embarrass us and print this letter.

Chris & David Bursey,
Address and Date Self-Destroyed

*Why I couldn't possibly embarrass you . . . you've already taken care of that by signing your names!*

. . . . .

Dear ?,

Now that you're here, pull up a pine box and listen.

(The only reason I'm writing this on paper is because I couldn't find the swiss cheese.)

I just finished Plop #3 and I think "A Rejection From Cain" was just great, and the rest of the mag was terrific, too. And if anyone disagrees just let me know and I'll sic my living jello on them!

The Phantom Of The Mists

*Out of curiosity, did that living jello leak out of your skull or did you mix it up in Dr. Frankenstein's kitchen?*

. . . . .

Dear Ploppers,

In regard to your last issue . . . I thought it stunk! After I read it I decided to write you. The reason that I'm hand-printing this letter instead of hand-writing it is that anyone who writes for PLOP magazine probably can't read anyhow!

You should publish a whole mag of only examples of PLOPS if you want to stay in business. They're the only funny part of the magazine.

Stuart Levinsky, Scottsdale, Arizona

*Actually, anyone who didn't drop out of kindergarten (or in Abel's case, get drop-kicked out!) can read handwriting. Of course it would take an expert to read yours. Could you please tell us where you learned how to write in gargoyle-scrawl?*

. . . . .

Dear Plop People,

Would you believe my mom started me on Plop? It all started when we were in Montreal, on vacation. The hotel we were staying at had a gift shop, and in the gift shop they had comic books, one of which was PLOP.

I went into the shop to buy some comics, but I only bought one (I'm sorry to say it wasn't Plop, it was Superman and Batman), but my mom wanted me to buy Plop, even though she didn't know what it was like. I bought Plop (it was your first issue), and when I read "The Gourmet" I asked my mom to read it, and she thought it was icky. That night we went to a French Restaurant which my mom said made great frogs legs, and she really would have loved to have had some, but after "The Gourmet" she couldn't touch them.

After that I've bought every issue.

Kenneth Hersbell, Saint Paul, Minnesota

*Sure glad your mom enjoyed "The Gourmet," but we hope it hasn't ruined her taste for frogs legs forever. If she doesn't overdo it, she can't end up like our free-wheeling friend in #1.*

. . . . .

To Whom It May Concern,

Plop is definitely the crummiest conglomeration of corroded comics I've ever read. I hope you know it gave me a headache and I'm going to buy every issue that comes out. I just couldn't stop reading it for a second. Every time I finished it I just waited an hour to get over my nausea and then I read it again. I wish Plop came out more often since I already know #3 by heart.

Kay, Address Unknown

*Gee, you realize that means Plop is just like Chinese Food—read one and an hour later you want to read it again!*

. . . . .

Dear Guys,

Your magazine found its way up to the frozen wastes of Canada and proceeded to zonk out our minds. But there were only two copies of PLOP at my newsstand, and none of the others got any at all in the whole city . . . maybe all of Canada. We may not have sent a man to the moon, but we're not illiterate. We do appreciate Plop humor. SO HOW ABOUT SHIPPING A FEW MILLION COPIES UP HERE (or we'll whip up an avalanche that will wipe out the entire U.S.)

Your Pinko Friends, Names & Addresses Unknown

*You misunderstand the problem—we write PLOP for illiterates, so when you guys started to claim that you knew how to read, we were scared to send you any copies. Now that you've admitted to being stupid enough to enjoy PLOP, we'll send you all the copies you want!*

. . . . .

Dear Plop,

If you want a true opinion of a PLOP reader, I am here

to give you one. First of all was THE ESCAPE in the first issue. All I can say is that it was a masterpiece, with that poor prisoner finally breaking out of jail to be stuck with THE PLAGUE! All the PLOPS from issues 1, 2, and 3 were exquisitely funny. But back to issue 1. KONGZILLA was hilarious. Then THE MESSAGE arrived, which I thought was very funny. As for THE GOURMET, it was magnificent, but what do you expect from the best?

Then in issue 2 THE DEMAND was a piece of ingenuity, and NO GHOUL LIKE AN OLD GHOUL was very good altogether. HEY, SKINNY was best of all, especially when he turned into a meek little poodle instead of a terrifying WEREWOLF! THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER really deserved to be turned into a turkey (which the story certainly wasn't).

From issue 3 BELLY LAUGH lived up to its title. In A REJECTION FROM CAIN I think the blowhard demons deserved to be devoured by Gregory, and let this be a lesson to those of you who try to take revenge on our beloved CAIN. Remember—GREGORY is a carnivorous animal! ONCE UPON A SWINE was a very fitting fairy tale. THIS LITTLE WITCH WENT TO MARKET was well written.

Best of luck with PLOP. . . . I sure liked your first three thrillers.

Sue Stuewer, Address Unknown

*Your first paragraph was peerless, your second priceless, your third prime, and your last anything but peripheral. Plenty of pleasant reading to you, Sue!*

. . . . .

Dear PLOPS,

Your magazine is the sickest, most disgusting magazine that was ever made by a printing press, pen, or pencil. I missed your first issue and I'm very, very glad! I'm glad that you got plopped! And I don't care if you sic your trained termites on me, because I don't have a wooden porch. If they try to PLOP it, they'll get a mouth full of concrete.

Honestly, your magazine is very good for a disgusting magazine.

Scott McMonigle, Montpelier, Virginia

. . . . .

Dear Plop,

I think your magazine is almost as bad as Watergate.

I've gotten your first, second, and third issues and am anxiously awaiting your fourth issue. I really don't think you're as bad as Watergate, because I'm a fan of your magazine. Could I subscribe?

Richard Funn, Manchester Depot, Vermont

*Even if PLOP isn't as bad as Watergate, you've got to admit that it's almost as funny! Anyone (yes, lowly reader of this lettercolumn, even you) can achieve peace and happiness by subscribing to PLOP. Our preposterous prices and pertinent data present themselves for your probing eyes on the bottom of the primary (first, dummy) page in each and every issue of PLOP.*

. . . . .

Dear Gang,

Ever since I read PLOP #1, my folks have kept our tailor busy making me straight jackets. Your books are going to kill me by making me laugh to death. Just by reading your first few issues I've lost all the sanity I ever had. I love Sergio Aragones' art, Steve Skeates' stories, and Cain, Abel, and Eve are perfect MCs for this mess of madness.

May your masterpiece never PLOP on you.

Glen Banks, Atlanta, Georgia

. . . . .

Dear Plop,

I think you are the funniest, stupidest, yuchiest, maddest, dumbest comic I've ever read! So please put out 100,100,000,300 issues before I die of suspense! Please, Cain!

Lori Beth Forrester, Hale Center, Texas

*Don't worry, you won't die of suspense waiting for us to put out 100,100,000,300 issues—you'll die of old age! It'll take us 16,685,000,050 years!*

. . . . .

Fellas,

Picture this, if you will.

A druggist:

"A kid comes into me store an' shuffles over to da funny book rack. After reading about twenty of 'em, I tells 'im ta hurry hisself up . . . dis ain't no library. Finally 'e picks one an' brings it over ta me. He plops down his twenty cents an' says, "Gimme dis one, mister!" I takes 'is money an' I happens ta glance down at the funny book he's buying. It's called 'PLOP' and it gots dis weirdy drawin' on th' cover. Geez! What dese kids is buyin' dese days, eh?

"After I close da store fer th' night I happens ta stop at th' funny book rack an' I just happens ta pick up dis one I seen th' kid with earlier taday. I takes it home, just fer fun, ya know? An' I reads it, just ta see what it is, ya know?

"Me wife catches me readin' dis thing, see? She takes it an' looks at it an' screams at me, 'Howard! Watcha readin' dis filth fer?' She takes the funny book an' lights-a it on fire an' burns it. I ferget all about it fer a week or so.

"A week or so later my wife comes 'ome from work an' as she's bending over the stove, da stove starts ta hum and all of a sudden it explodes with a big PLOP! An' dats the end a me wife.

"Dat's a pretty funny magazine youse guys gots dere!" Good day . . . uh . . . gentlemen.

John Cameron, Southfield, Michigan

. . . . .

Dear Plop,

Your mag is even weirder than my little sister.

Lee Cochenour, Address Unknown

. . . . .

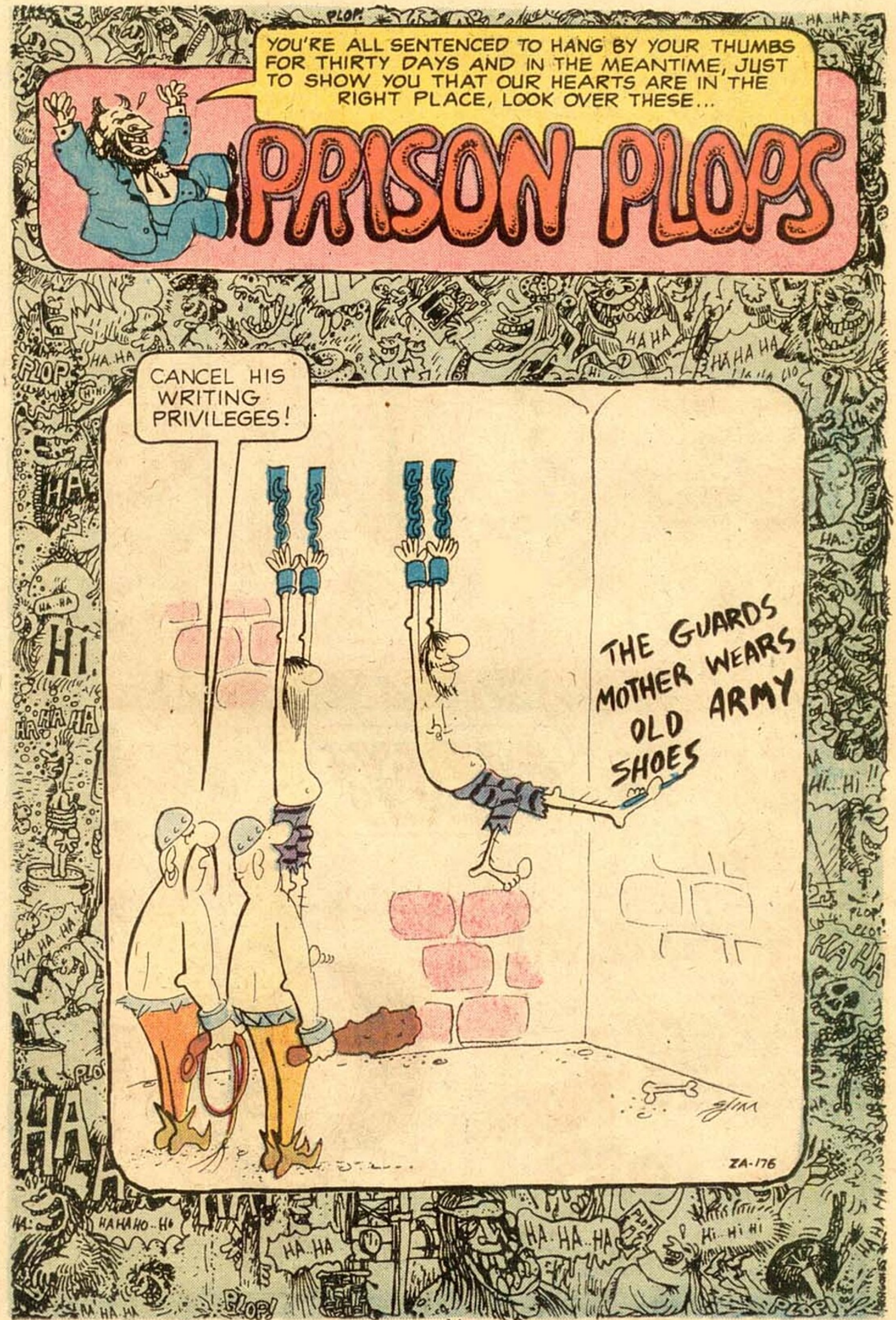
Dear Plop-crop,

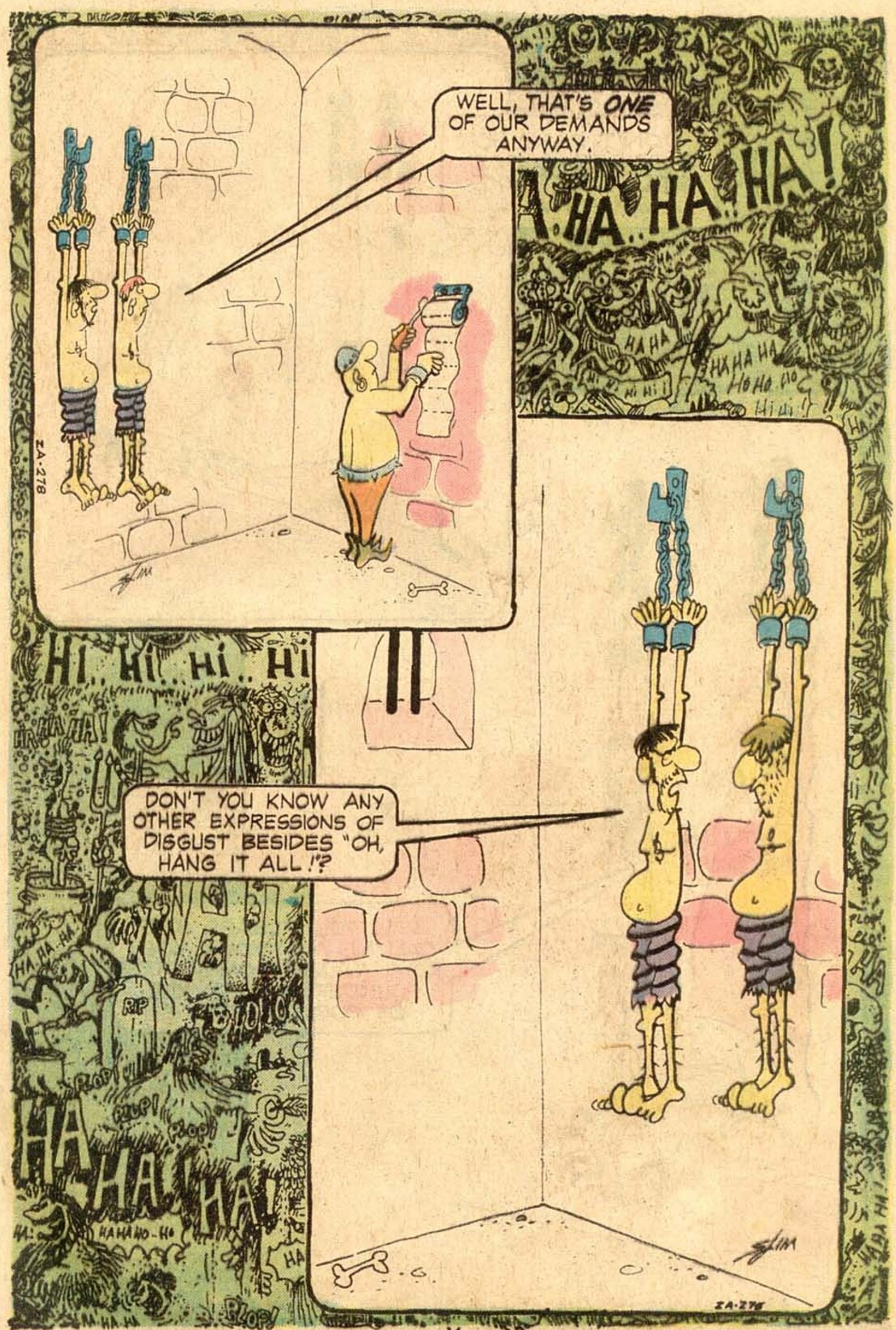
Whatever happened to good old American entertainment? Must you resort to such utterly foolish stories with plots that are very unclear and inevident? The intent of the stories are childish and it puzzles me why such talented suckers as Sergio Aragones and Basil Wolverton would waste their time on a flop like Plop.

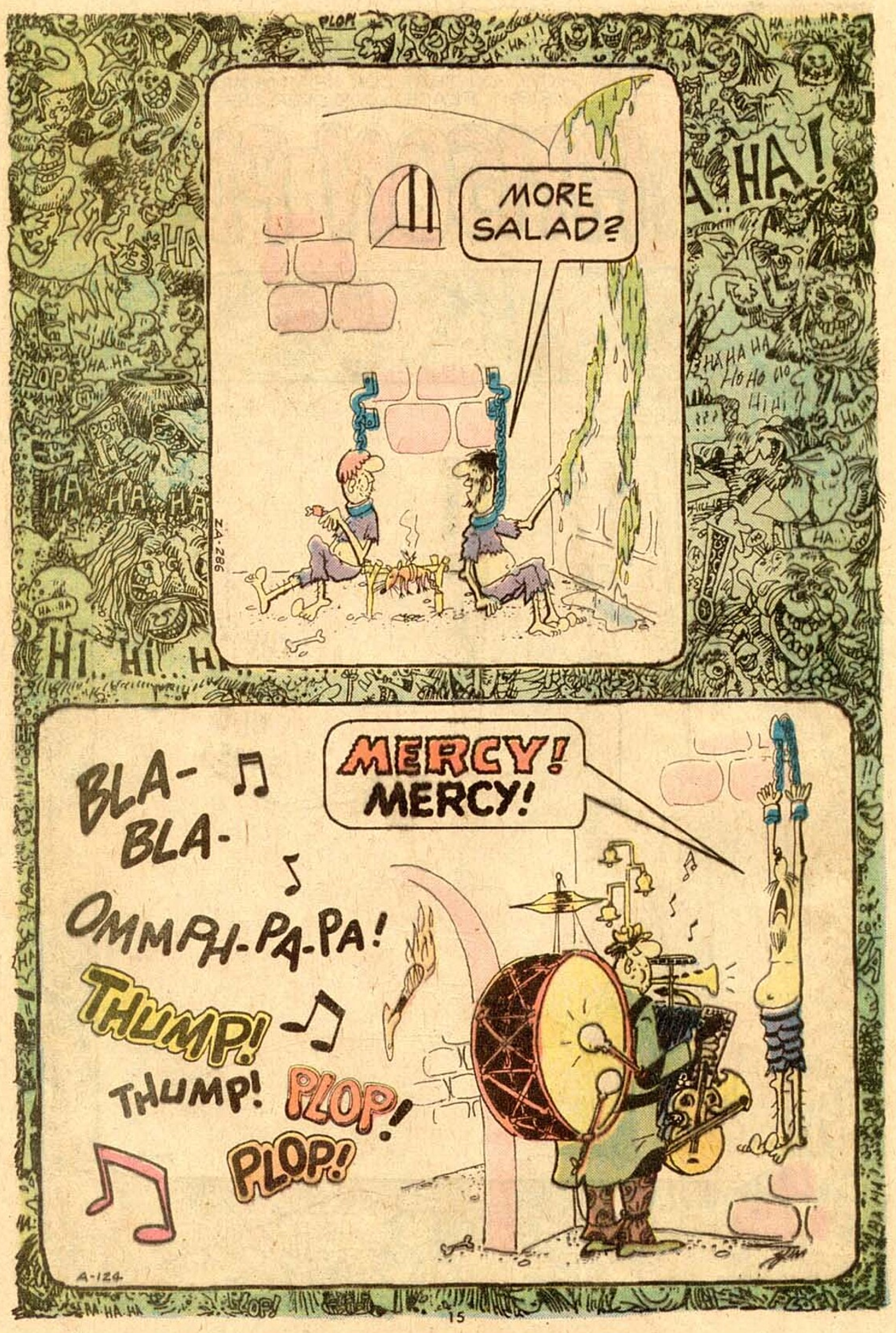
I'll still buy your mag every other month despite the previous statements but I figure if I praised it I would have less of a chance of getting this letter published. Love Plop, so keep on ploppin'!

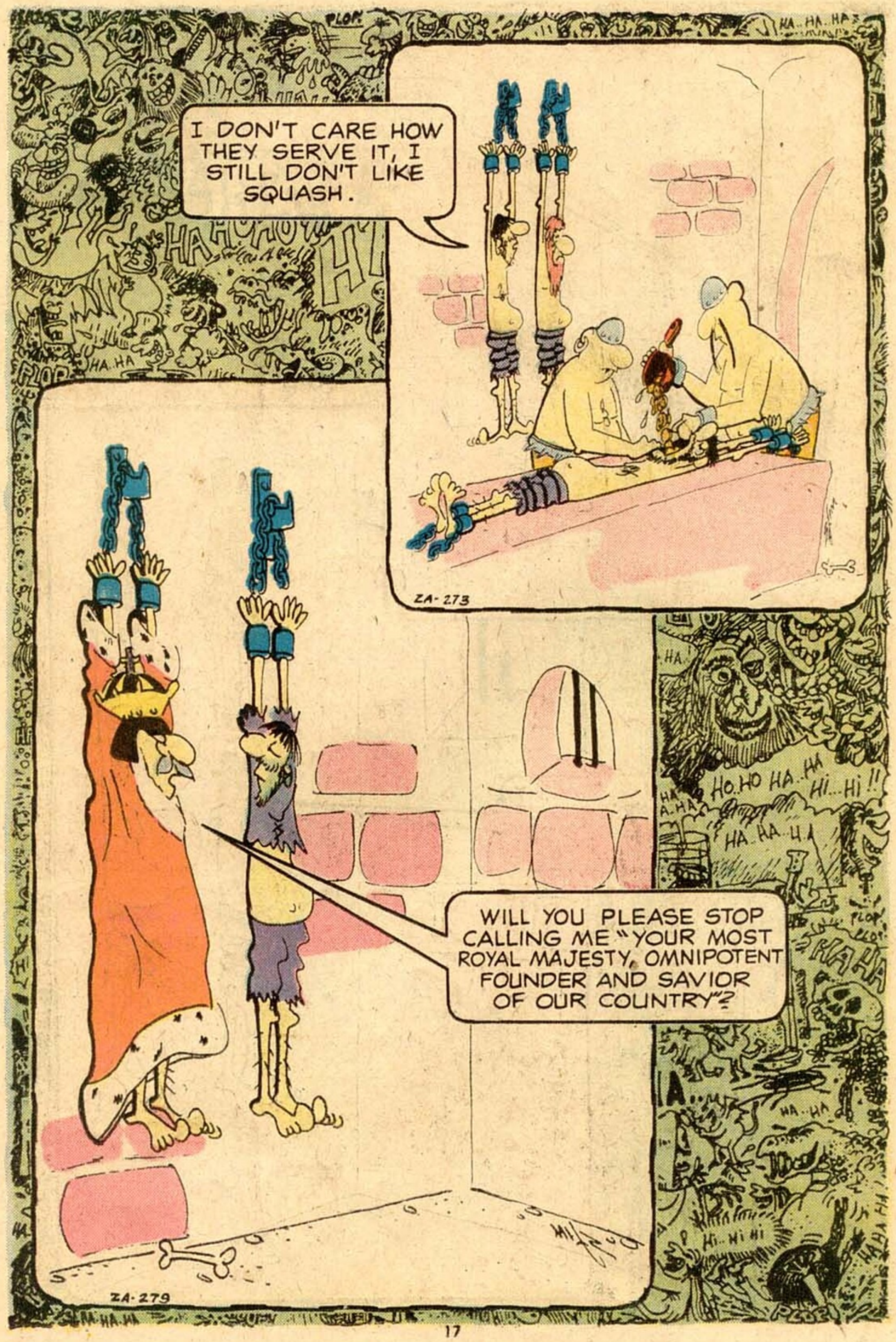
Michael Pollack, Brooklyn, New York

Any type of letter, so long as it's funny and interesting, is perfectly permissable for this preposterous page. And PLEASE, people, our postal place is PLOP DROP, National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019 . . . let's hear from YOU!


YOU'RE ALL SENTENCED TO HANG BY YOUR THUMBS FOR THIRTY DAYS AND IN THE MEANTIME, JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT OUR HEARTS ARE IN THE RIGHT PLACE, LOOK OVER THESE...
PRISON PLOPS
CANCEL HIS WRITING PRIVILEGES!
THE GUARDS MOTHER WEARS OLD ARMY SHOES
ZA-176


WELL, THAT'S ONE OF OUR DEMANDS ANYWAY.
HA..HA..HA!
HA HA
HA HA HA
HO HO HO
HI HI!
ZA-278
HI.. HI.. HI.. HI
DON'T YOU KNOW ANY OTHER EXPRESSIONS OF DISGUST BESIDES "OH, HANG IT ALL!"?
HA-HA-HA
RIP
PLOP!
HA-HA-HA!
HA HA HO-HO
HA
PLOP!
ZA-276


MORE SALAD?
ZA-286
MERCY! MERCY!
BLA- BLA- OMMPH-PA-PA!
THUMP! THUMP! PLOP! PLOP!
A-124


PLOP
HA HA HA
I DON'T CARE HOW THEY SERVE IT, I STILL DON'T LIKE SQUASH.
ZA-273
HO HO HA HA
HI HI!!
HA HA HA
WILL YOU PLEASE STOP CALLING ME "YOUR MOST ROYAL MAJESTY, OMNIPOTENT FOUNDER AND SAVIOR OF OUR COUNTRY"?
HA HA
HI HI HI
ZA-279

STEP RIGHT UP, KIDS! THE CIRCUS HAS COME TO TOWN, BRINGING WITH IT THAT USUAL CARLOAD OF STORIES THAT SURROUNDS EVERY CIRCUS... LIKE THE STORY ABOUT THE CLOWN WHO IS REALLY A DESPERATE CRIMINAL HIDING HIS WANTED FEATURES BENEATH HIS FOOLISH MAKE-UP! THAT'S ONE STORY! AND THIS IS ANOTHER...

# DEPRESSED ELEPHANT

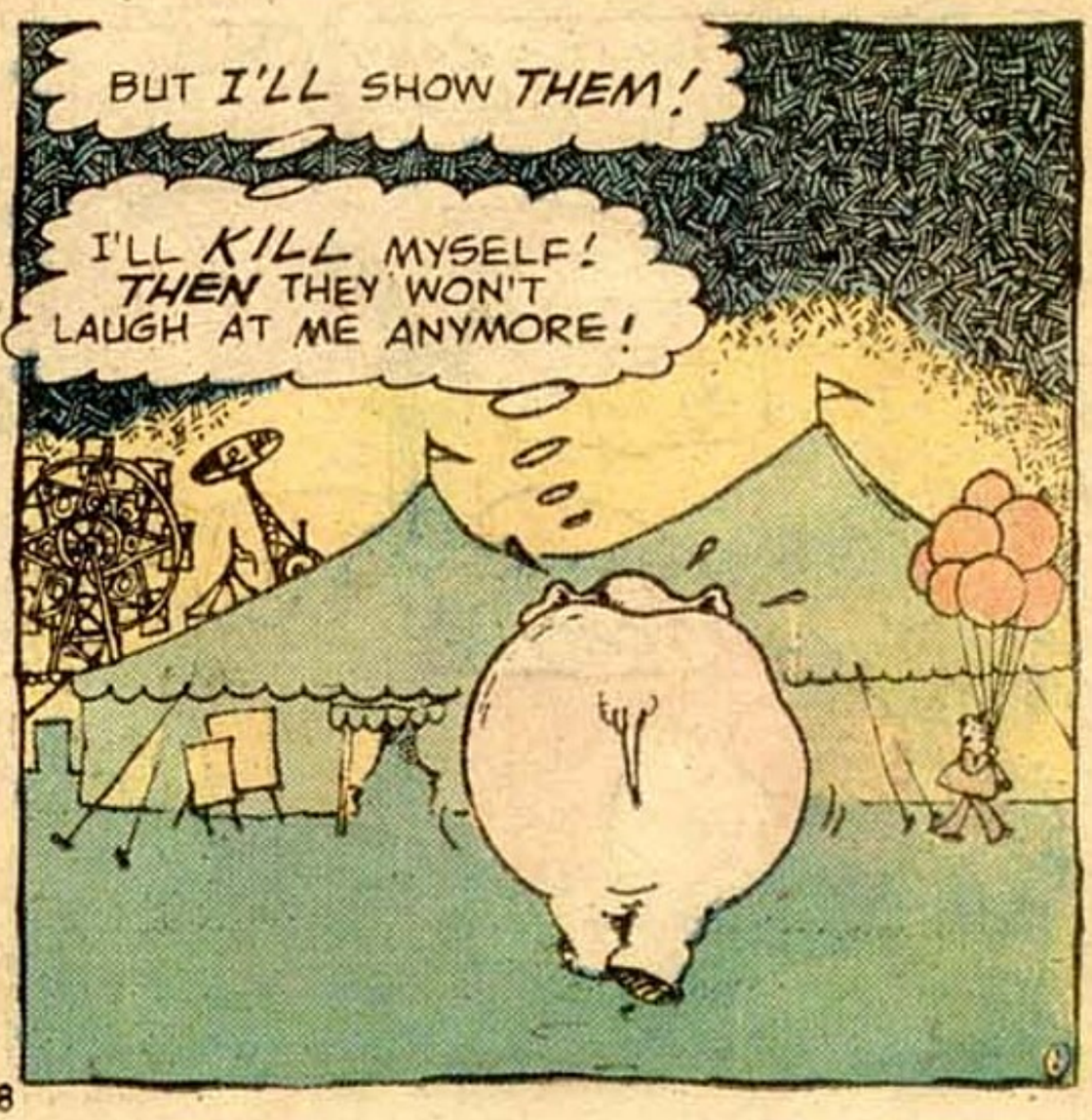
SCRIPT: STEVE SKEATES
ART: SERGIO ARAGONES

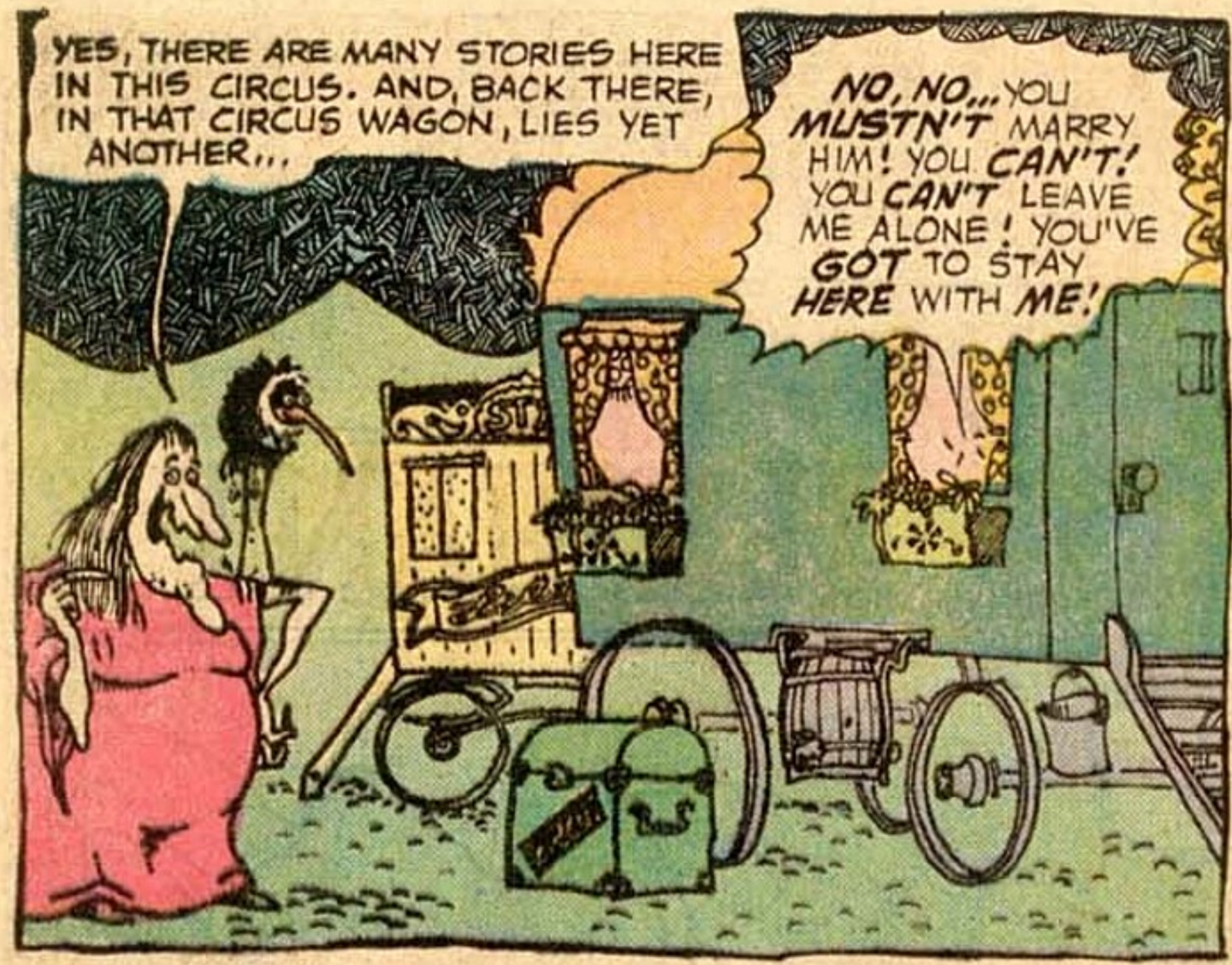
JUST *LOOK* AT THAT STUPID, CHUBBY ELEPHANT WITH THE TINY LITTLE EARS! ISN'T THAT THE *FUNNIEST* THING YOU'VE EVER SEEN?

SURE *IS!* MATTER OF FACT, WE WERE THINKING OF PUTTING HIM IN OUR *ACT!* THEN WE'D *REALLY* GET LAUGHS! NOBODY'D *BELIEVE* HE'S FOR *REAL!*

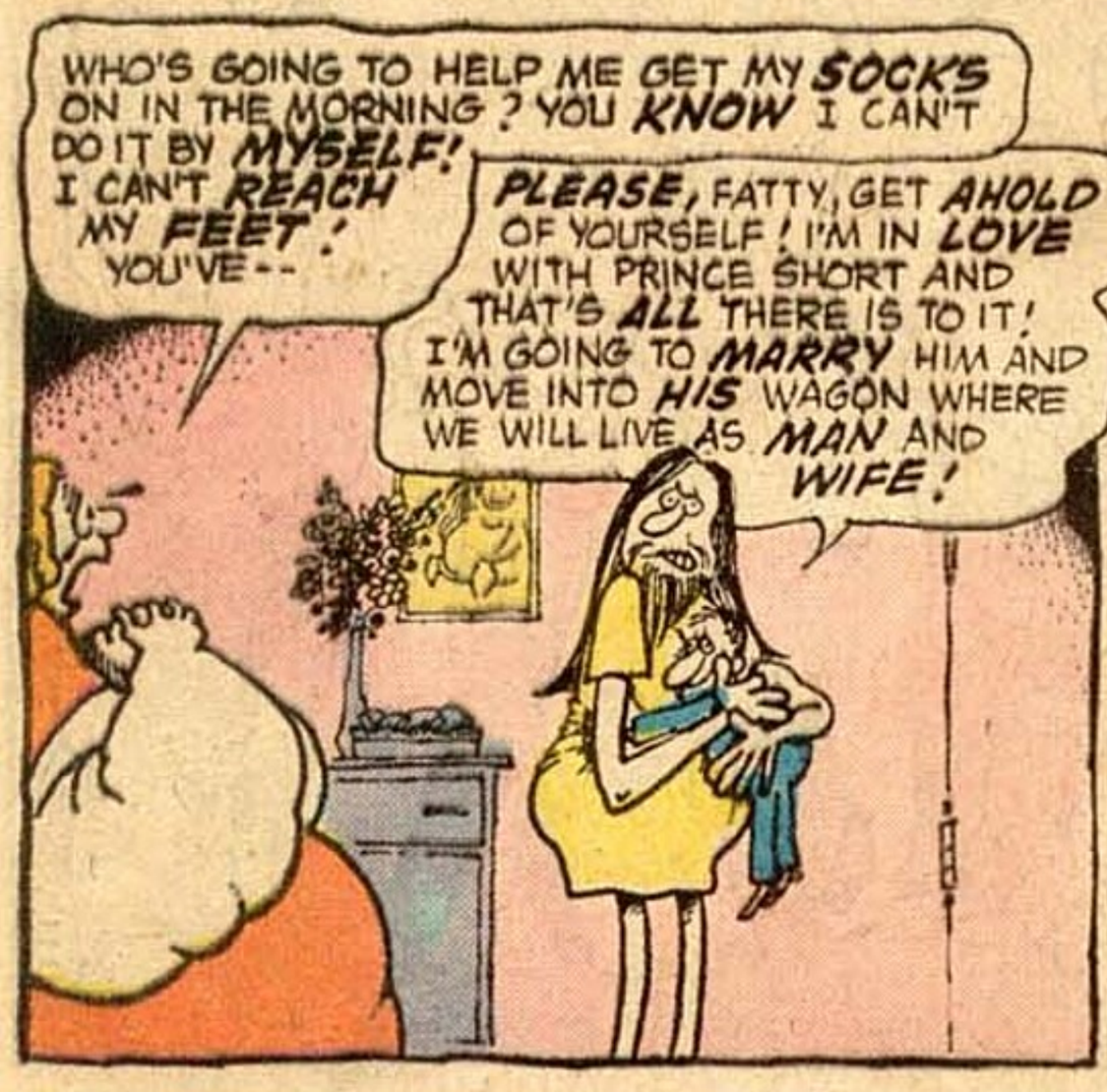
*NO! NO!* I CAN'T *TAKE* IT ANYMORE!

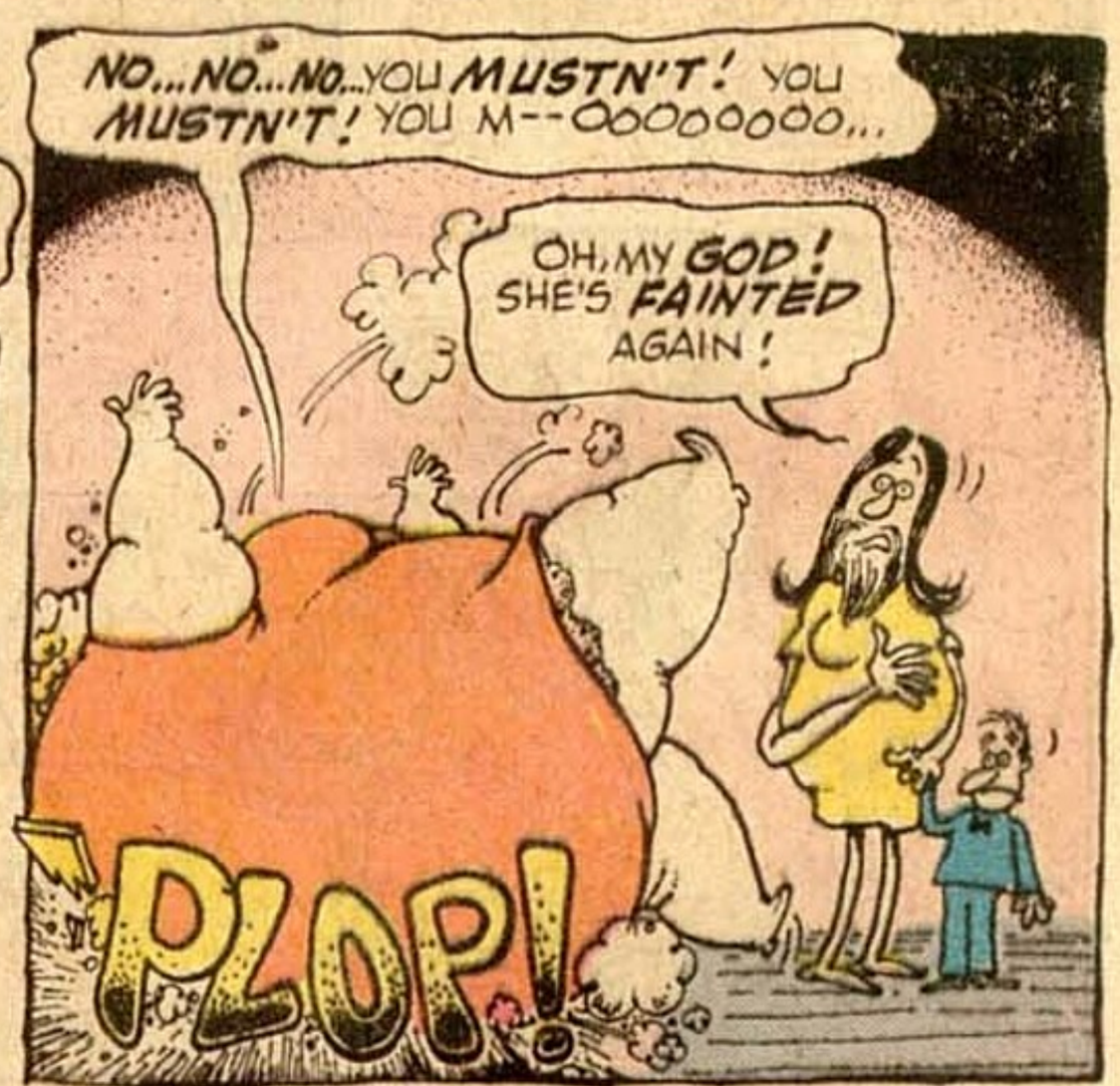
ZA-231




YES, THERE ARE MANY STORIES HERE IN THIS CIRCUS. AND, BACK THERE, IN THAT CIRCUS WAGON, LIES YET ANOTHER...
NO, NO... YOU MUSTN'T MARRY HIM! YOU CAN'T! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU'VE GOT TO STAY HERE WITH ME!

IF YOU LEAVE, THEN WHO'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF ME!?

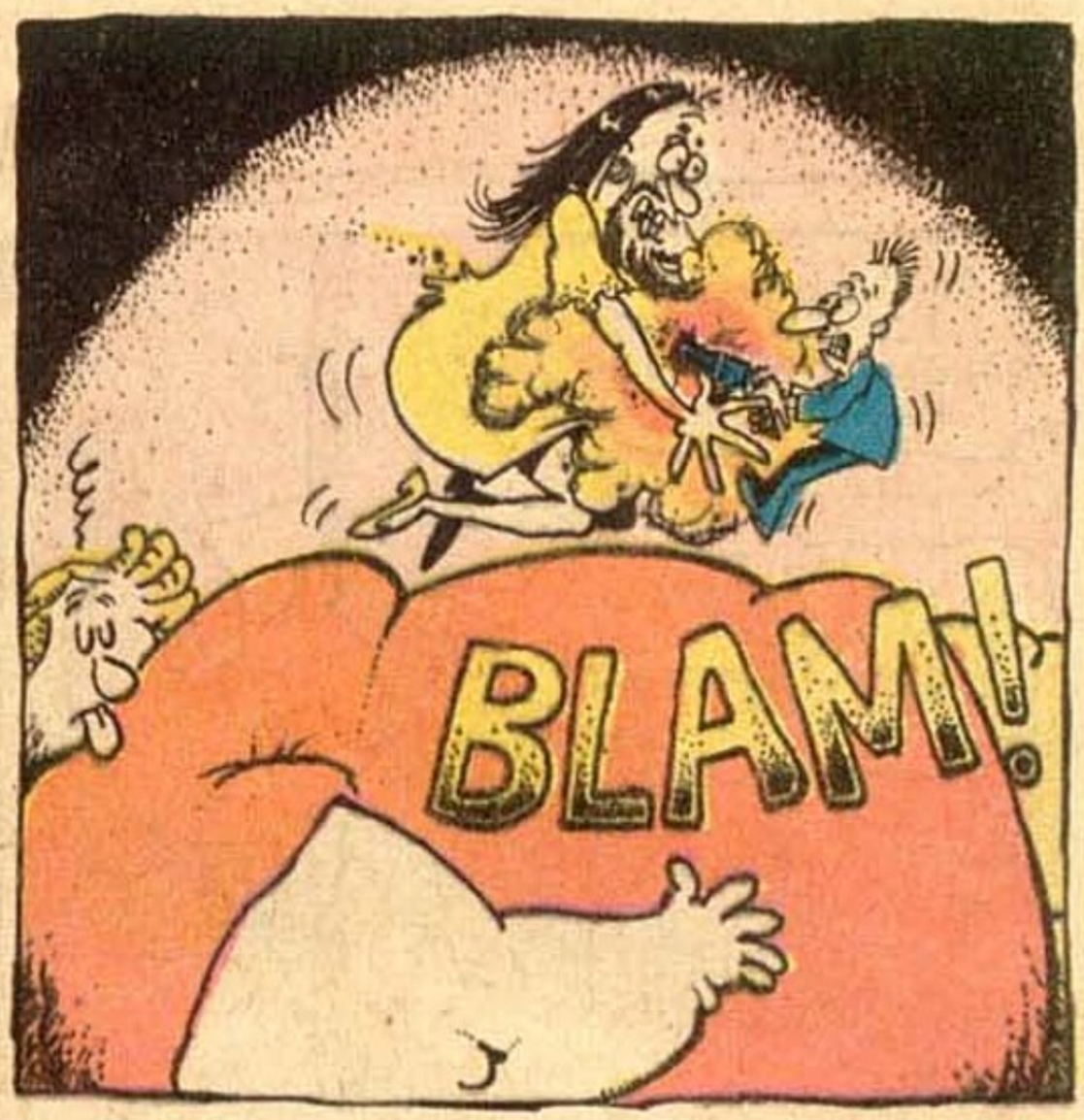

WHO'S GOING TO HELP ME GET MY SOCKS ON IN THE MORNING? YOU KNOW I CAN'T DO IT BY MYSELF! I CAN'T REACH MY FEET! YOU'VE--
PLEASE, FATTY, GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF! I'M IN LOVE WITH PRINCE SHORT AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! I'M GOING TO MARRY HIM AND MOVE INTO HIS WAGON WHERE WE WILL LIVE AS MAN AND WIFE!

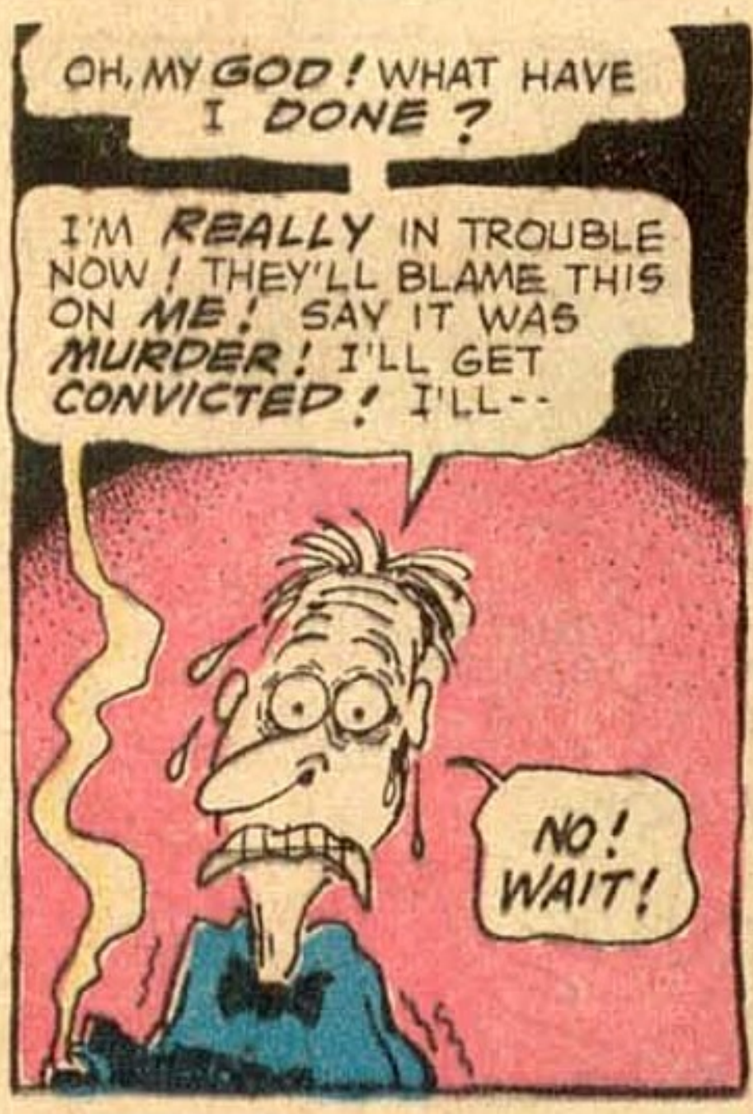

NO...NO...NO...YOU MUSTN'T! YOU MUSTN'T! YOU M--OOOOOOOO...
OH, MY GOD! SHE'S FAINTED AGAIN!
PLOP!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! I...I CAN'T LEAVE HER! SHE'S JUST NOT CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF HERSELF! I...I'VE GOT TO STAY HERE AND CARE FOR HER!
BUT...WHAT ABOUT OUR MARRIAGE?
I CAN'T MARRY YOU!
YOU MUST!
I CAN'T!

IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF HER! I'LL KILL HER! THEN YOU'LL HAVE NO ONE YOU HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF! THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO MARRY ME!
WHA?...GOD! NO! PUT DOWN THAT GUN!
2.

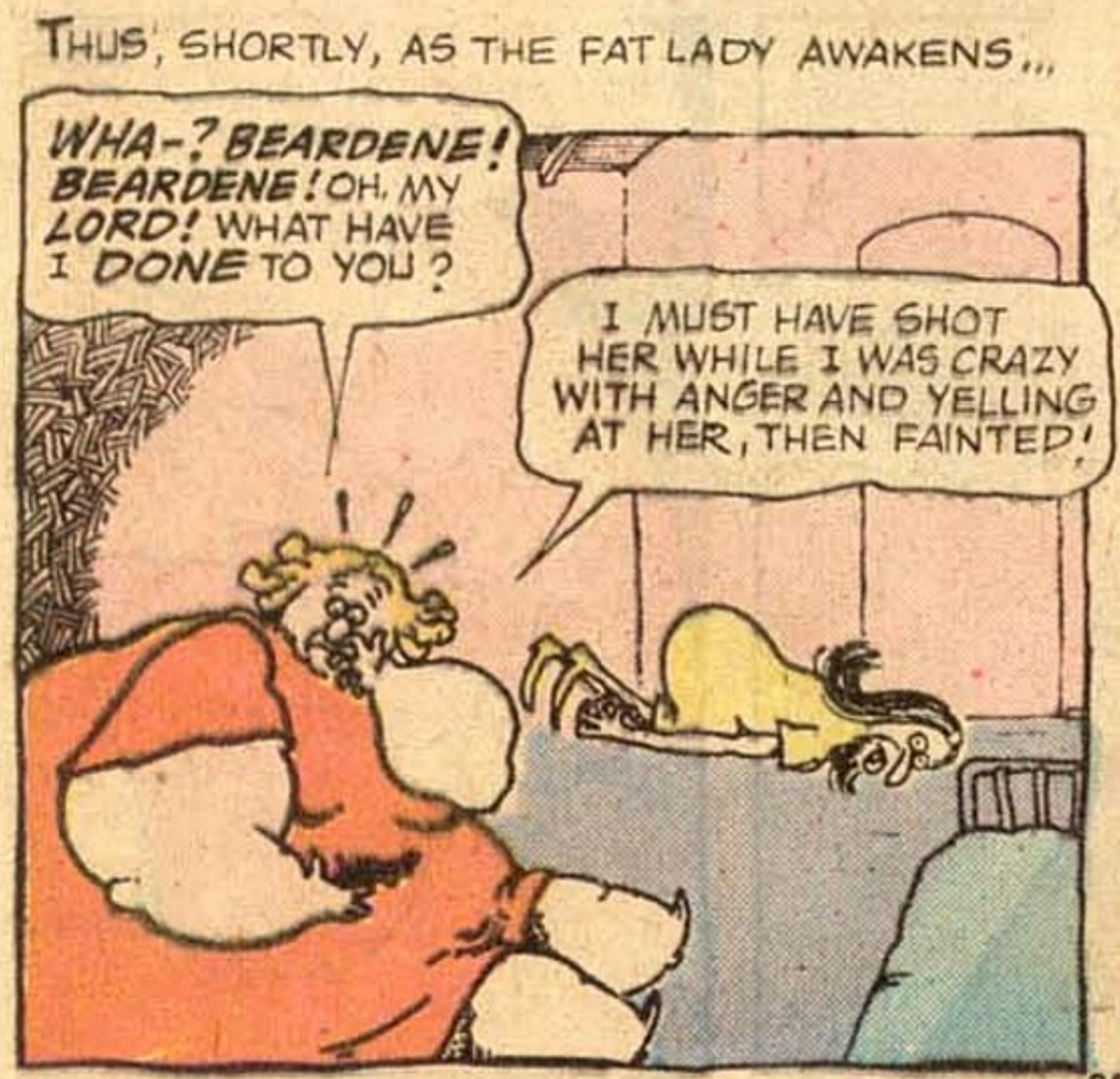
DON'T DO IT! DON'T SHOOT MY SISTER! THAT'LL SOLVE NOTHING! IT WILL ONLY--
HEY! LEGGO OF MY GUN! BE CAREFUL! WATCH IT! YOU MIGHT--

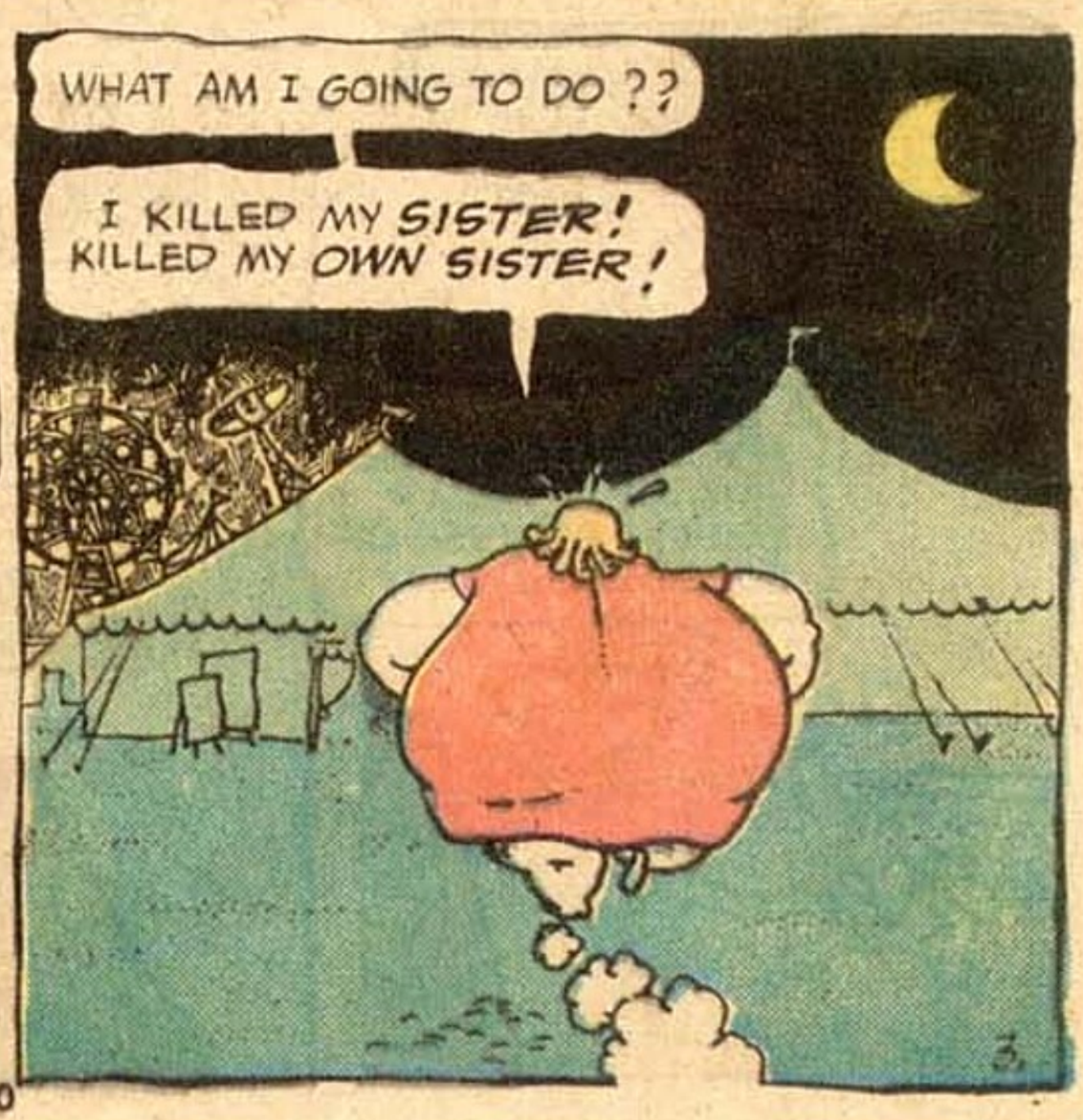

BLAM!


OH, MY GOD! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
I'M REALLY IN TROUBLE NOW! THEY'LL BLAME THIS ON ME! SAY IT WAS MURDER! I'LL GET CONVICTED! I'LL--
NO! WAIT!

THE MIDGET HAS A PLAN! QUICKLY, HE SLIPS THE SMOKING FIREARM INTO FATTY'S HAND...

THEN, HE GETS OUT FAST, IN A SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO MAKE HIMSELF SCARCE...


THUS, SHORTLY, AS THE FAT LADY AWAKENS...
WHA-? BEARDENE! BEARDENE! OH, MY LORD! WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU?
I MUST HAVE SHOT HER WHILE I WAS CRAZY WITH ANGER AND YELLING AT HER, THEN FAINTED!


WHAT AM I GOING TO DO??
I KILLED MY SISTER! KILLED MY OWN SISTER!

FRANTIC, SHE RUSHES INTO THE BIG-TOP TENT, AND BEGINS TO CLIMB THE HIGH-WIRE POLE...

A PERSON WHO'D KILL HER OWN SISTER DOESN'T *DESERVE* TO *LIVE!*

I'LL KILL MYSELF -- *THAT'S* WHAT I'LL DO! I DON'T *DESERVE* TO LIVE!

AND, ONCE SHE REACHES THE FIRST HIGHWIRE PLATFORM, SHE COMES UPON...

AN *ELEPHANT!*??! WHAT'S IT DOING UP *HERE*?? HOW'D IT *GET* UP HERE??

BUT, SHE PASSES THE PACHYDERM BY, HEADING TOWARD THE HIGHEST OF THE HIGHWIRES...

OH, WELL... I HAVEN'T GOT *TIME* TO WORRY ABOUT SOME STUPID ELEPHANT! NOT WHILE I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF *COMMITTING SUICIDE!*

GOTTA KEEP *CLIMBING*--GET *REAL* HIGH!

THEN, SUDDENLY...

*WHA-?* IT'S *FATTY!* SHE'S CLIMBING THE *HIGHWIRE POLE!*

SHE MUST THINK THAT *SHE* KILLED BEARDENE! SO NOW SHE'S GOING TO COMMIT *SUICIDE!*

THIS ISN'T QUITE THE PLAN YOU HAD IN MIND, IS IT, PRINCE SHORT?

*NO, NO!* I CAN'T *TAKE* IT!

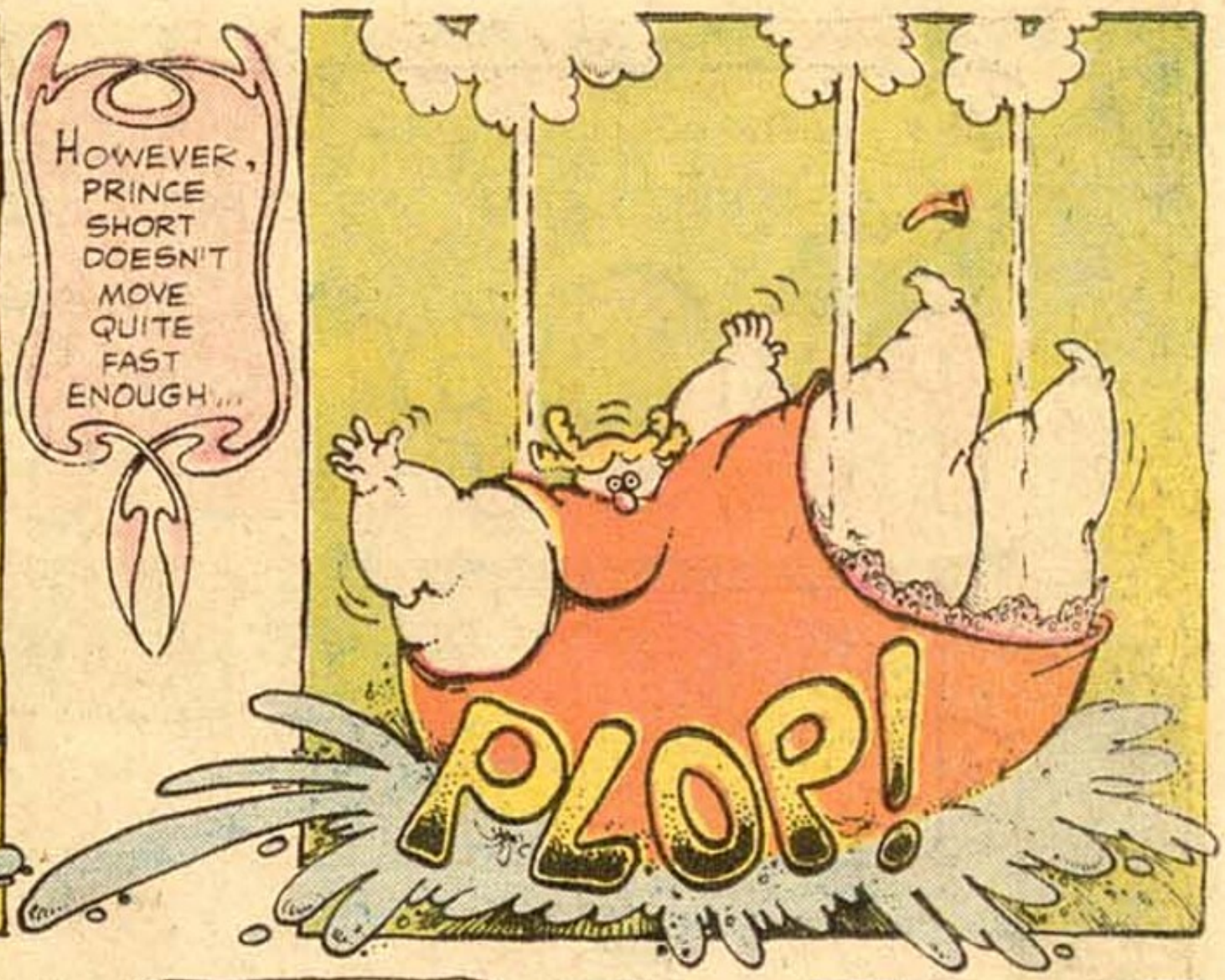
CAN'T JUST *STAND BY* AND LET SOMEONE *KILL* THEMSELVES BECAUSE OF SOMETHING *I* DID!

DON'T *DO* IT! DON'T *JUMP!*

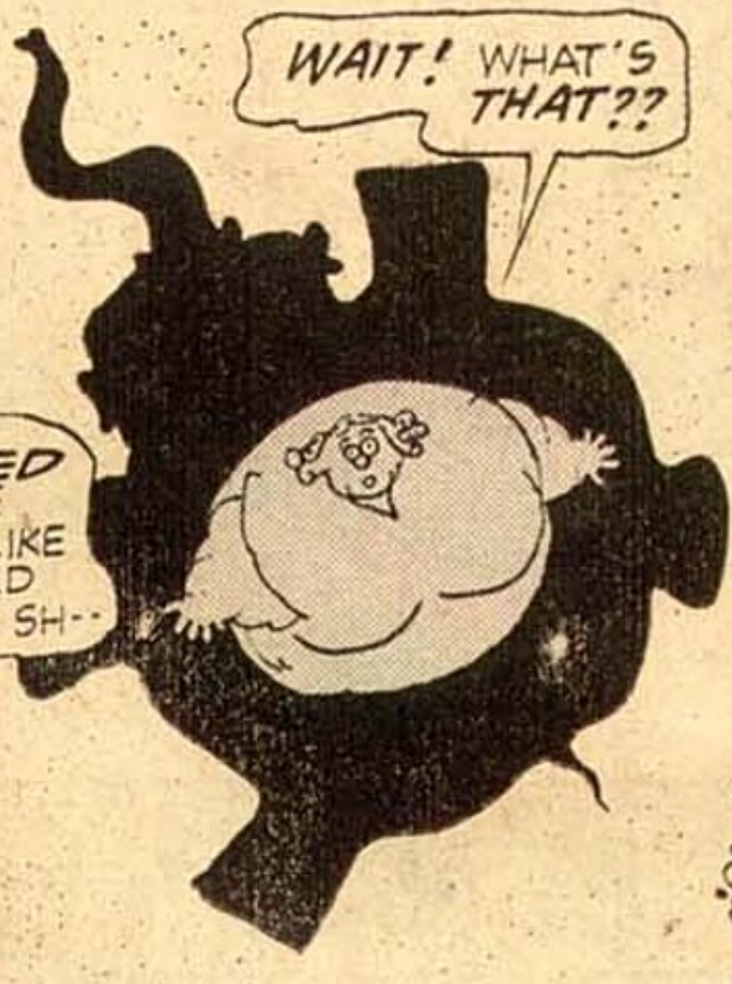
YOU *DIDN'T* KILL YOUR SISTER! I *FRAMED* YOU!

YOU MEAN I'M INNO... *OOOOOOOPS!*

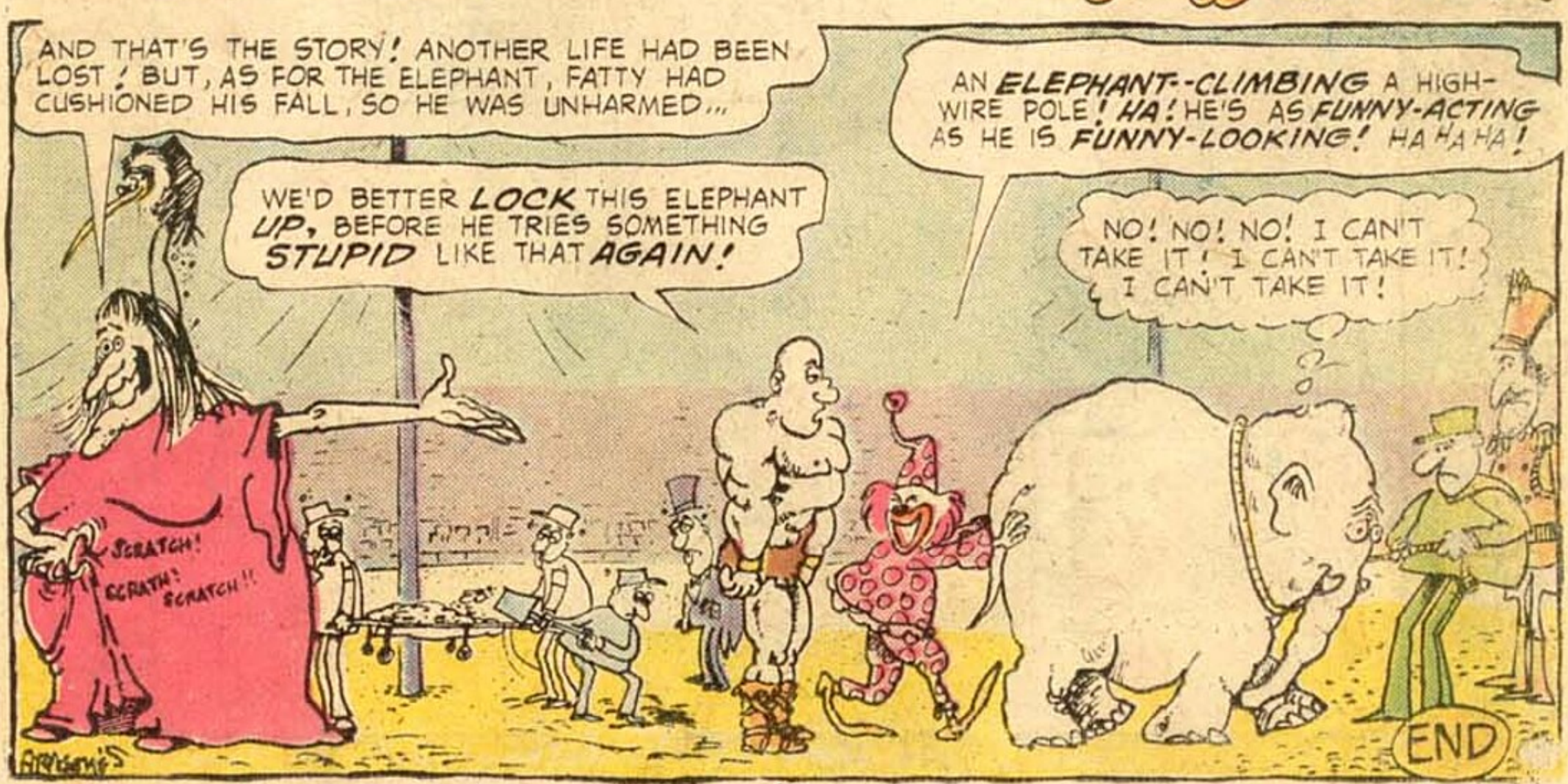
OH NO! SHE'S FALLING! HEADING DIRECTLY TOWARD ME! GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!


HOWEVER, PRINCE SHORT DOESN'T MOVE QUITE FAST ENOUGH...
PLOP!

THE MIDGET CUSHIONED THE FAT LADY'S FALL, AND SHE EMERGES UNHURT, HOWEVER... AS FOR THE MIDGET HIMSELF...
OH, WOW! I'VE REALLY DONE IT THIS TIME!
BUT HE DESERVED IT, TRYING TO FRAME ME! SO IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING TURNED OUT JUST AS IT SH--

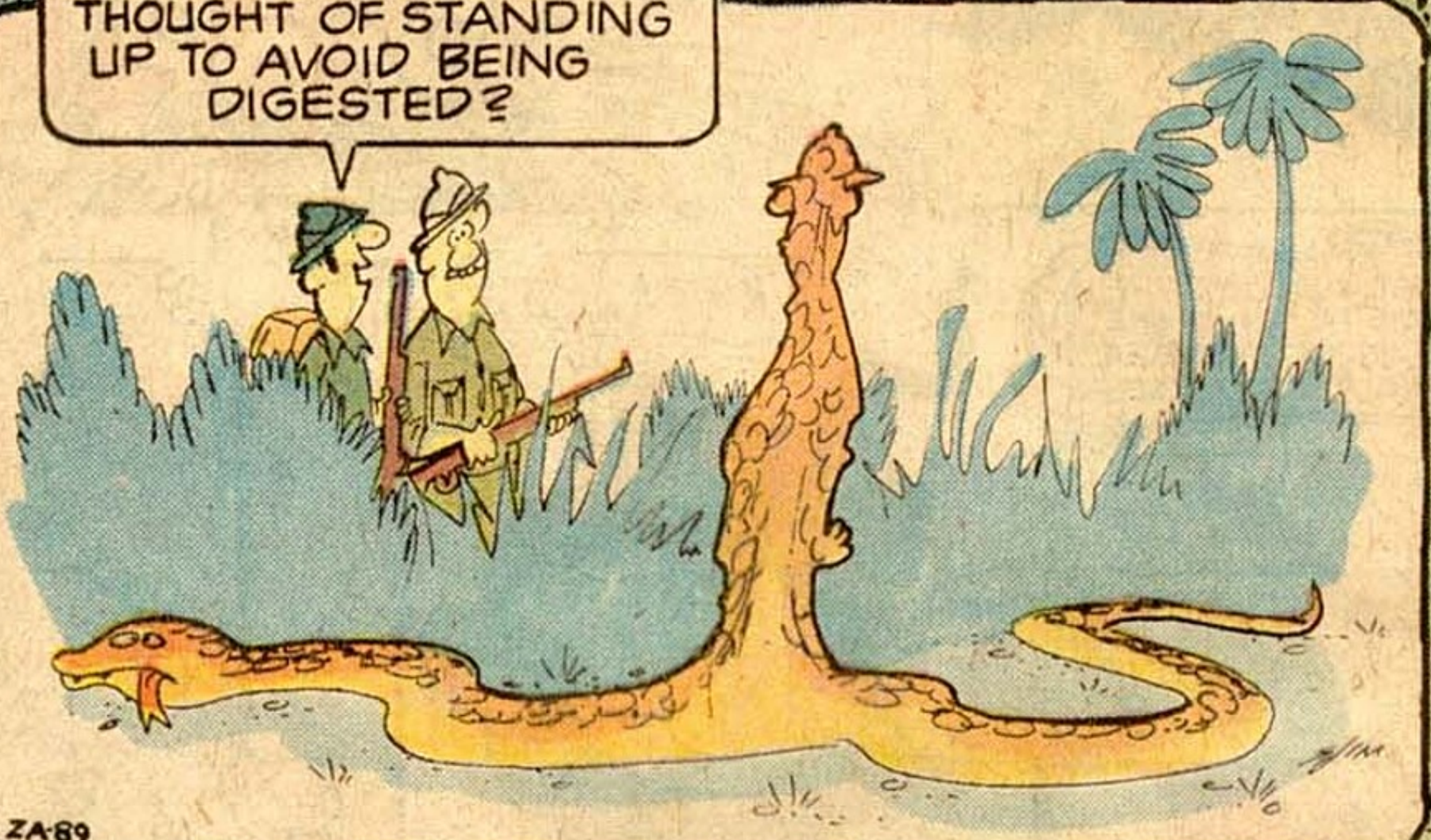

WAIT! WHAT'S THAT??

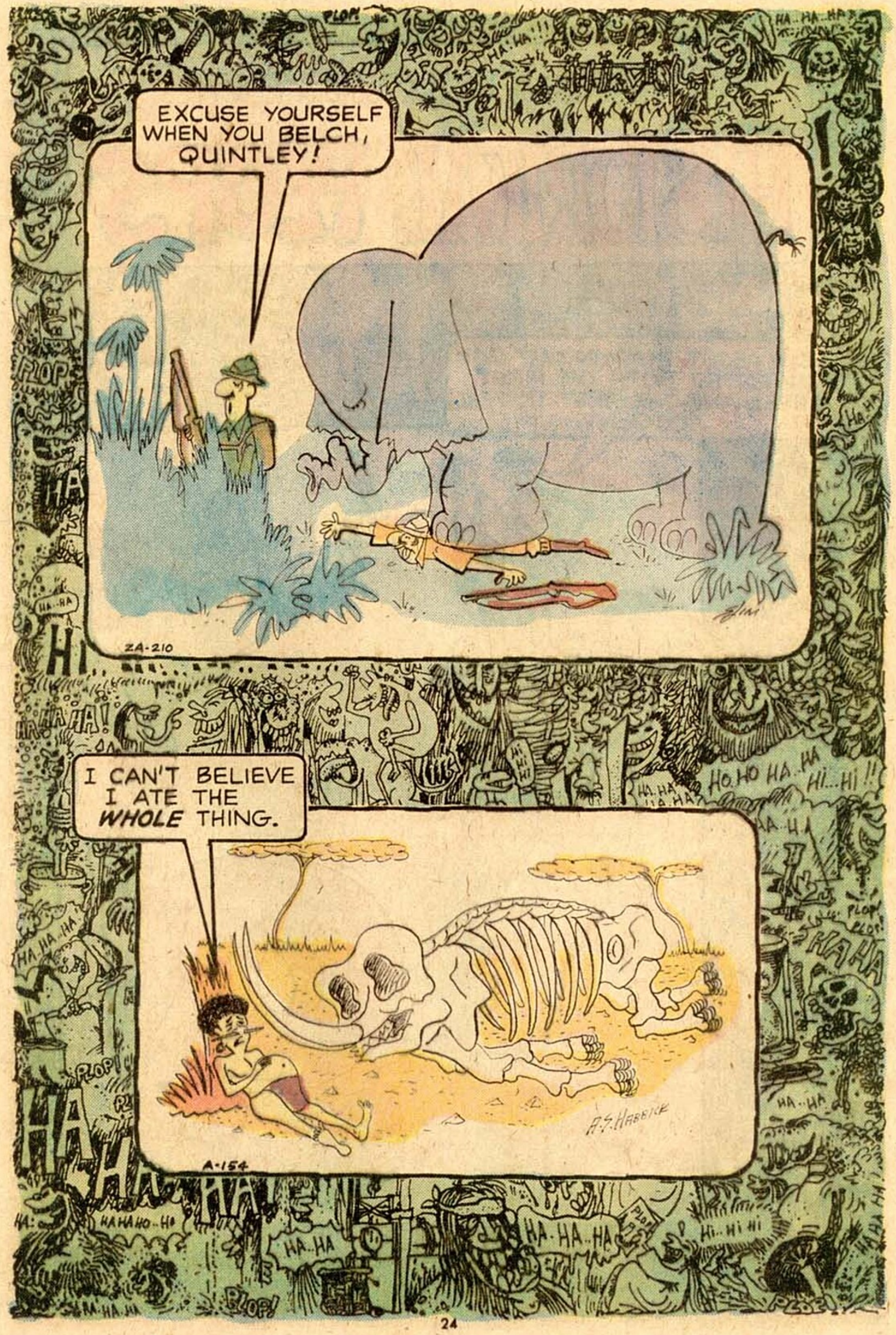
PLOP!


AND THAT'S THE STORY! ANOTHER LIFE HAD BEEN LOST! BUT, AS FOR THE ELEPHANT, FATTY HAD CUSHIONED HIS FALL, SO HE WAS UNHARMED...
WE'D BETTER LOCK THIS ELEPHANT UP, BEFORE HE TRIES SOMETHING STUPID LIKE THAT AGAIN!
AN ELEPHANT--CLIMBING A HIGH-WIRE POLE! HA! HE'S AS FUNNY-ACTING AS HE IS FUNNY-LOOKING! HA HA HA!
NO! NO! NO! I CAN'T TAKE IT! I CAN'T TAKE IT! I CAN'T TAKE IT!
SCRATCH! SCRATH! SCRATCH!!
END

AND NOW FOR A LOOK AT THOSE FEARLESS PEOPLE WHO GO AROUND CAPTURING DEPRESSED ELEPHANTS AND OTHER AMAZING ANIMALS.

# PEOPLE PLOPS




EXCUSE YOURSELF WHEN YOU BELCH, QUINTLEY!
ZA-210
I CAN'T BELIEVE I ATE THE *WHOLE* THING.
A-154
A.S. HARBICK

TO PUT ALL OF MAN'S FOLLIES IN PROPER PERSPECTIVE WE GIVE YOU OUR VIEW OF...
HISTORICAL PLOPS
HOW ABOUT THAT—IN ONE DAY I INVENTED BOTH THE FIRST WHEEL AND THE FIRST TRAFFIC ACCIDENT.
ZA-55

AH, THE DAYS OF THE GOLDEN WEST: A MAN, HIS HORSE, AND SADDLE SORES — TAMING THE FRONTIER WITH A SIXGUN AND SOURDOUGH. MANY UNSUNG HEROES ROAMED THE PRAIRIES, PUNCHING CATTLE AND SOCKING SHEEPMEN. SOME COWBOYS BECAME LIVING LEGENDS. SO IT WAS FOR QUICKY DRAW JOE IN ...

# THE SHOWDOWN SONATA

OH, QUICKY DRAW JOE
HE WAS NO SCHMO
THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST.
HE STOOD EVERY TEST
WITH GALS WUZ THE BEST
AND HIS HOSS SPOKE FRENCH,
LATIN AND GREEK...

GLEAM GLEAM

THREE DIALECTS TOO, BOZO.

HISS BOO

ZA-228

BY LEE MARRS

ONE DAY INTO TOWN
JOE SAT HISSELF DOWN
TO A BEER AND A BIT O' CARD PLAY...

...MY MELANCHOLY BABY...

HI YA, BOYS!

GO FISH!

...AND SELDOM WAS HEARD
A PROTESTIN' WORD
THO THE DUDE WUZ A'CHEATIN' AWAY.

COUGH COUGH

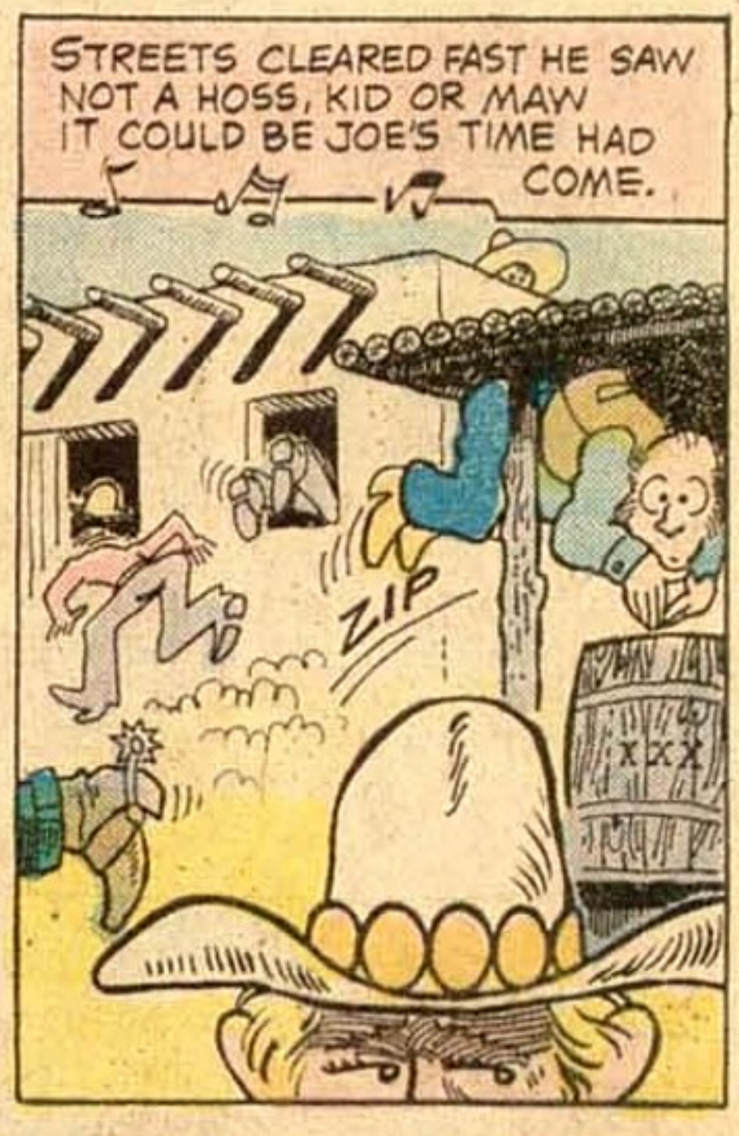
DO AH HEAR MUSIC?

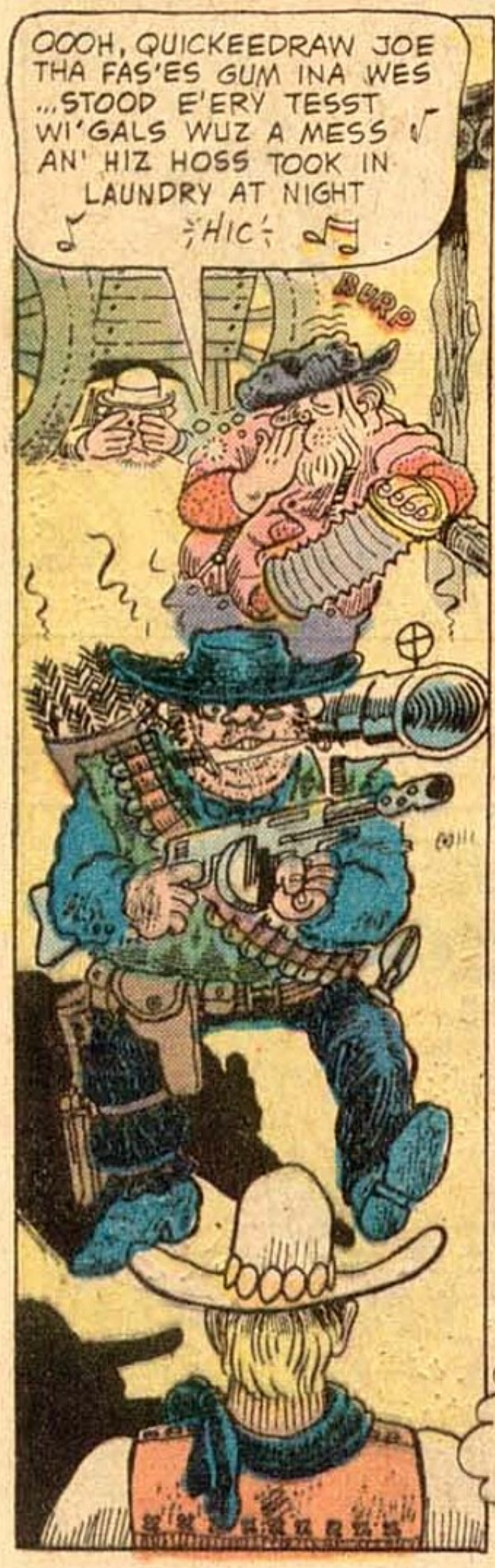
PATOO!

STAMP STAMP

OOH, QUICKY DRAW JOE THE FASTEST GUN INTHA WEST HE STOOD EVERY TEST WIF GALS WUZ THA BEST AND HIS HOSS WUZ A MEZZO-SOPRANO
WHERE'S YO NICKEL?

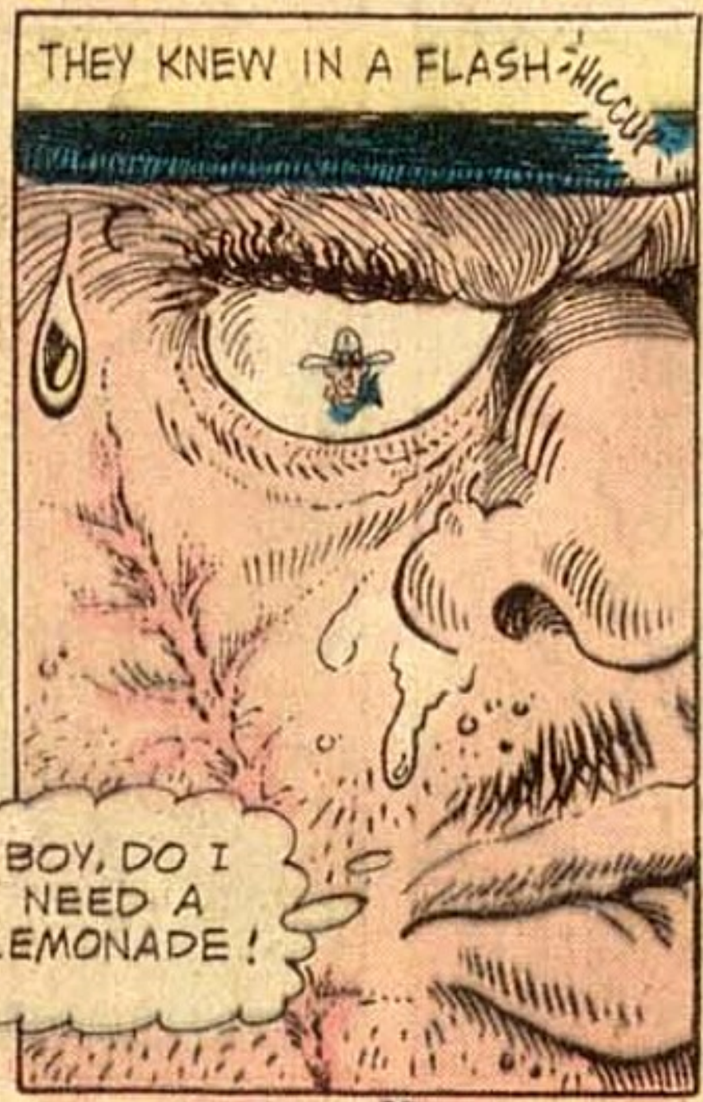
AT LAST JOE GOT WIGGED THAT THE PLAYIN' WUZ RIGGED HE CALLED DUDE TO STAND UP AND DRAW.
SHUCKS
!
AH HAH!

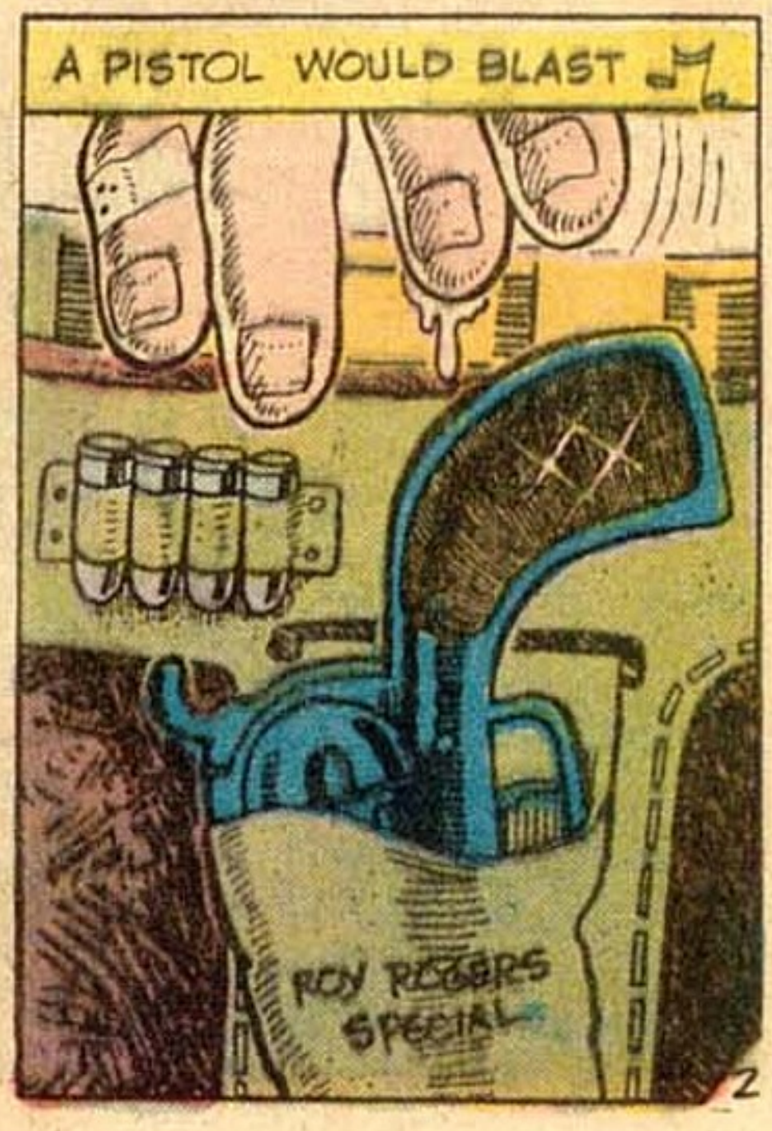

STREETS CLEARED FAST HE SAW NOT A HOSS, KID OR MAW IT COULD BE JOE'S TIME HAD COME.
ZIP

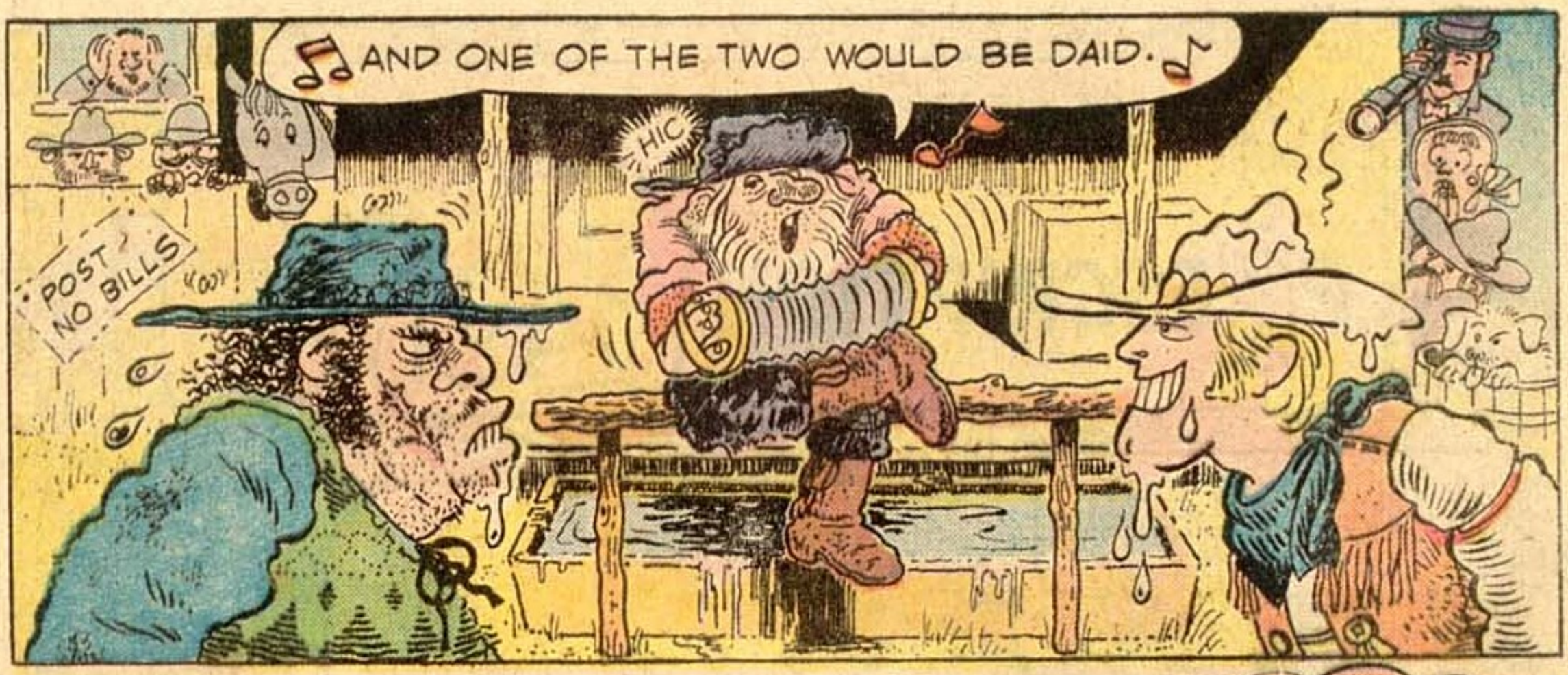

OOOH, QUICKEEDRAW JOE THA FAS'ES GUM INA WES ...STOOD E'ERY TESST WI'GALS WUZ A MESS AN' HIZ HOSS TOOK IN LAUNDRY AT NIGHT ;HIC;
BURP

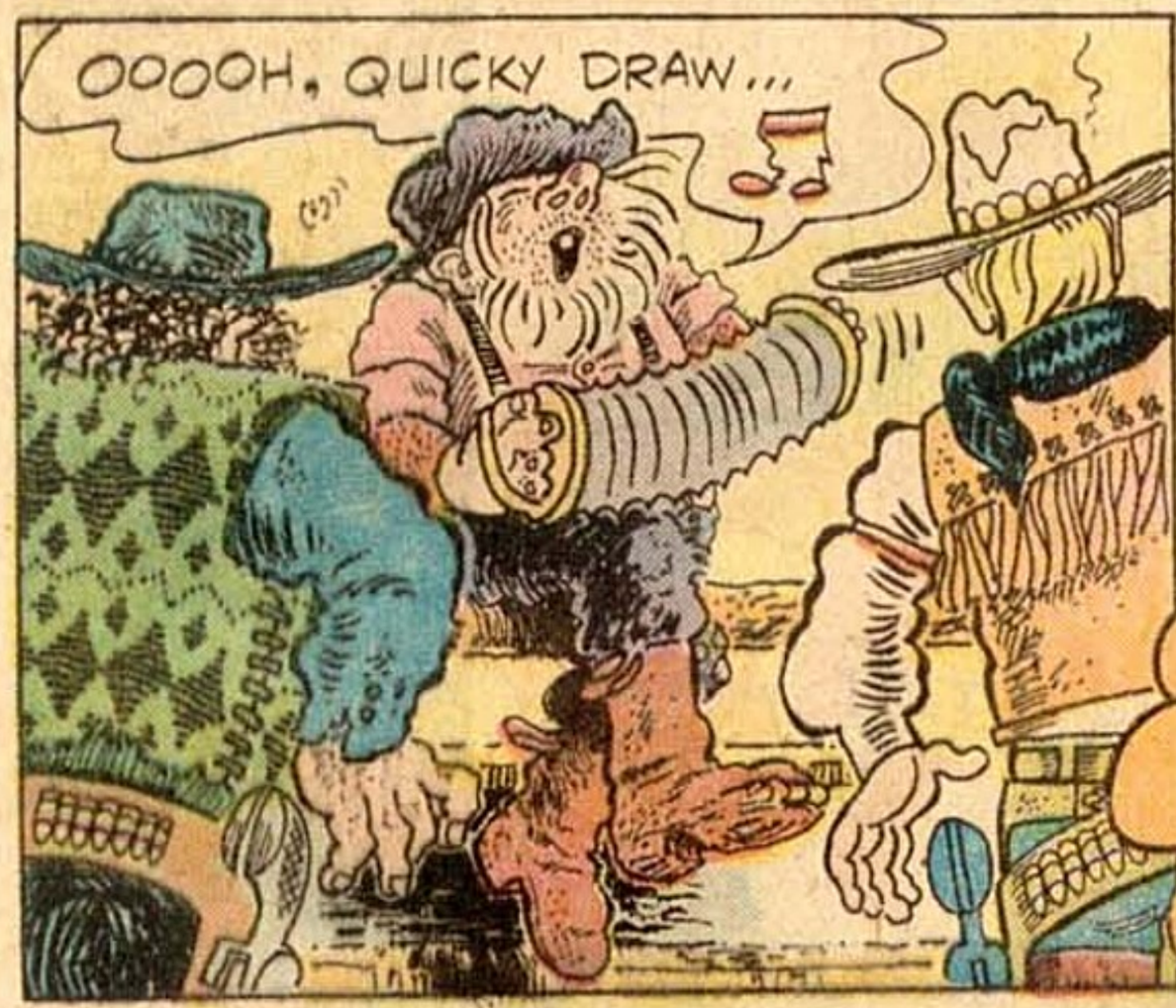
THEY STOOD NOSE TO NOSE EACH IN FROZEN POSE ;HIC;

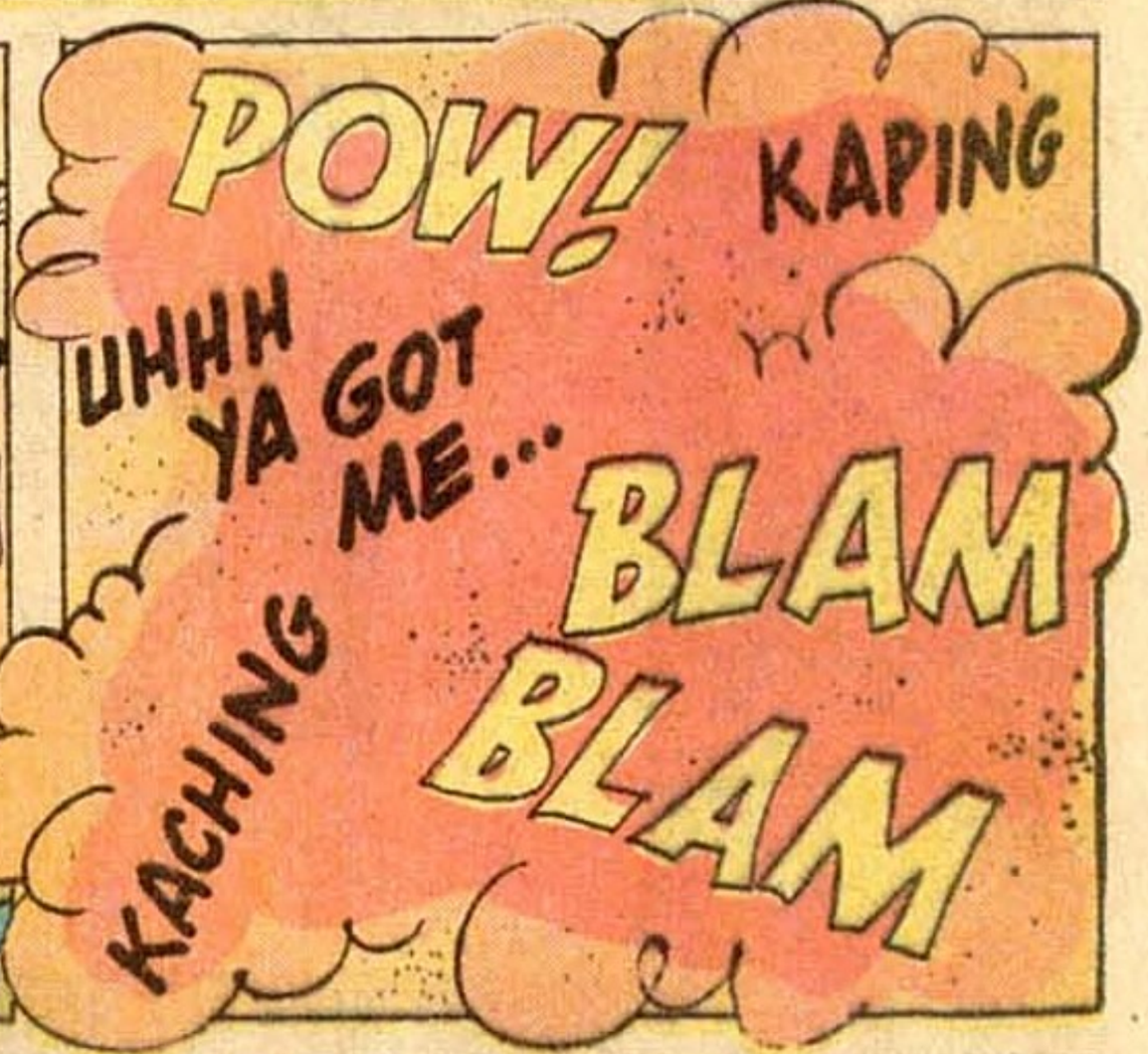
AND THE HOT SUN BEAT DOWN ON THEIR HAIDS.
TWITCH
BZZZZ


THEY KNEW IN A FLASH ;HICCUP;
BOY, DO I NEED A LEMONADE!

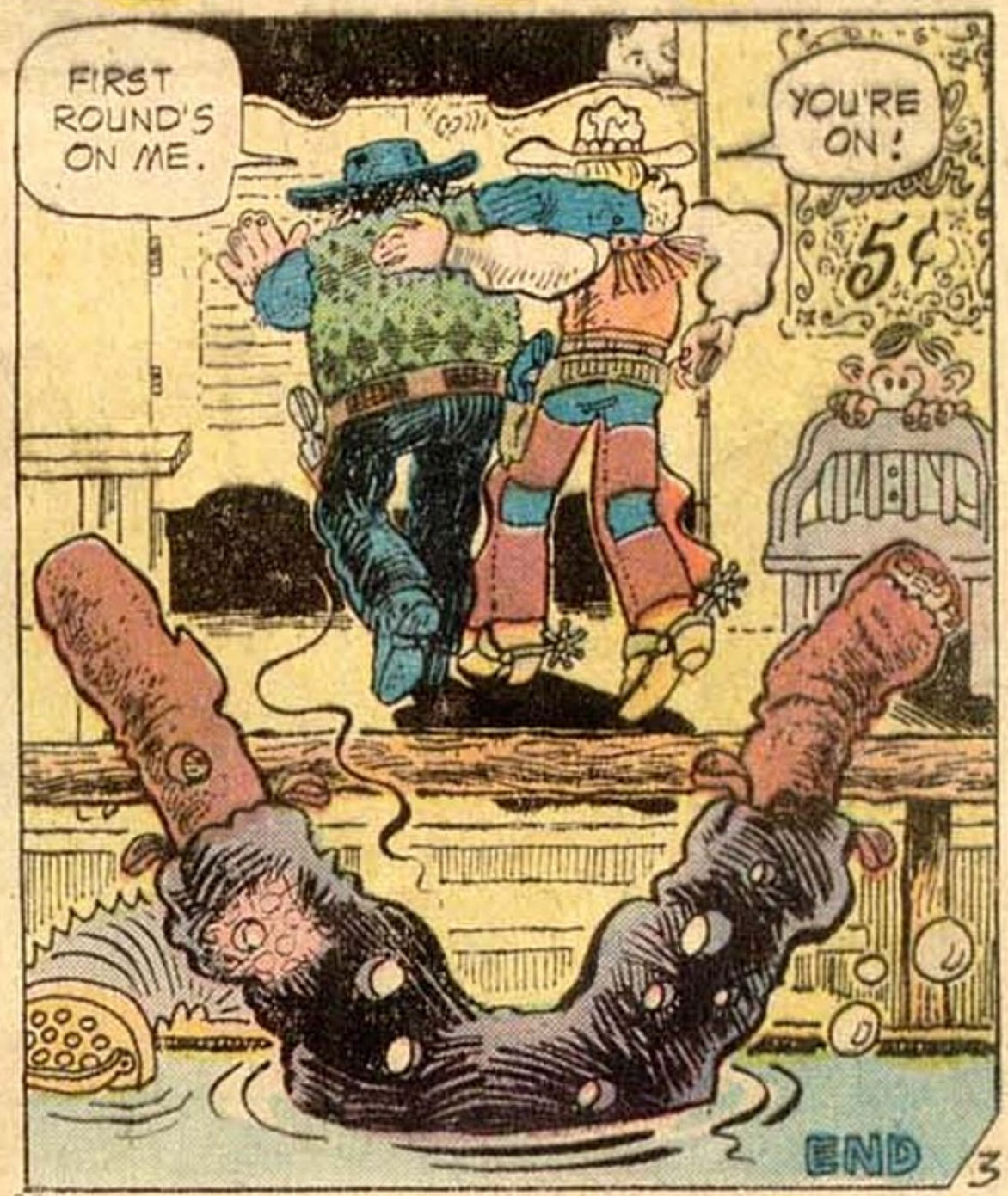

A PISTOL WOULD BLAST
ROY ROGERS SPECIAL


AND ONE OF THE TWO WOULD BE DAID.
HIC
POST NO BILLS


OOOOH, QUICKY DRAW...

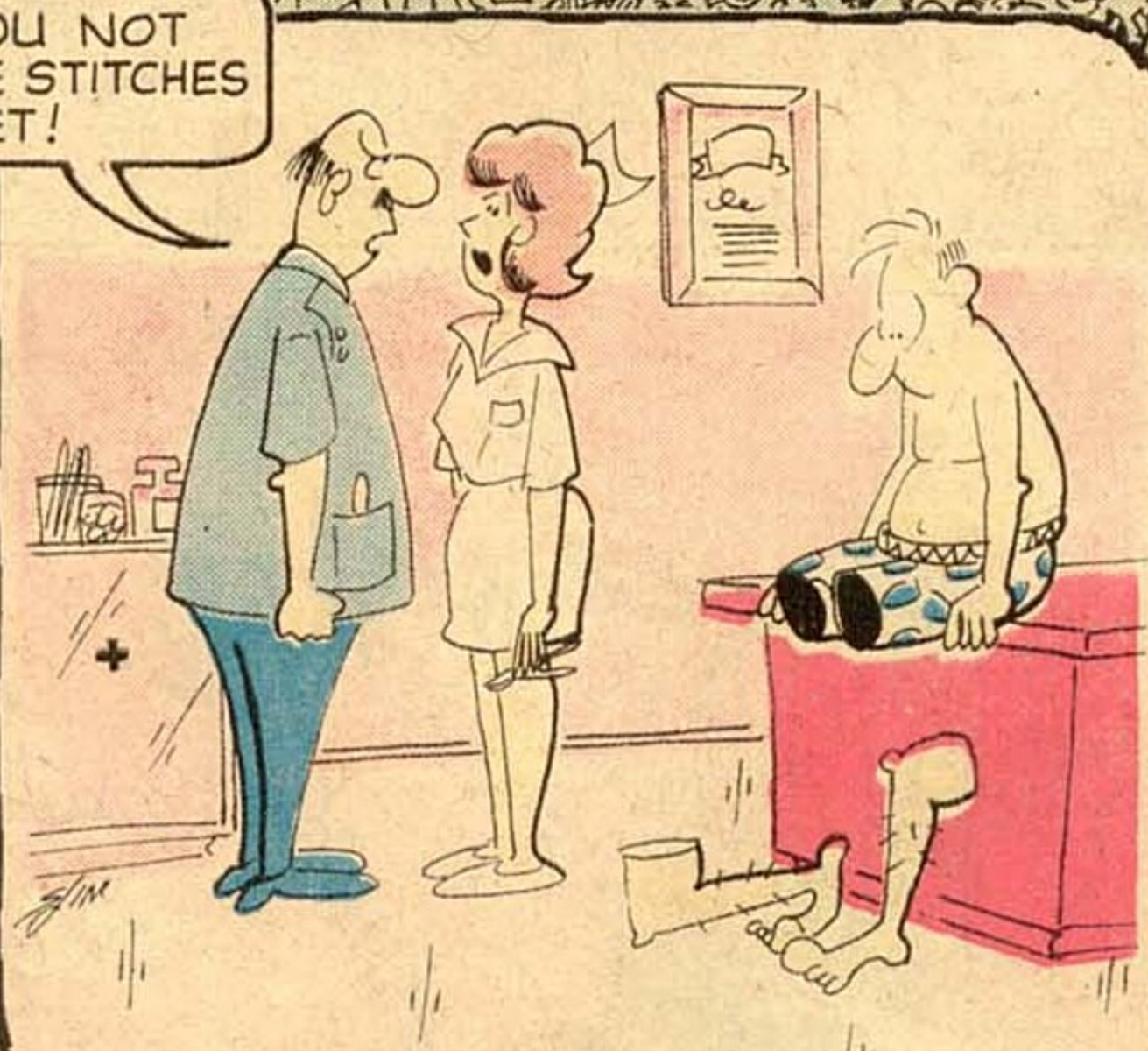

POW!
KAPING
UHHH YA GOT ME...
BLAM
BLAM
KACHING

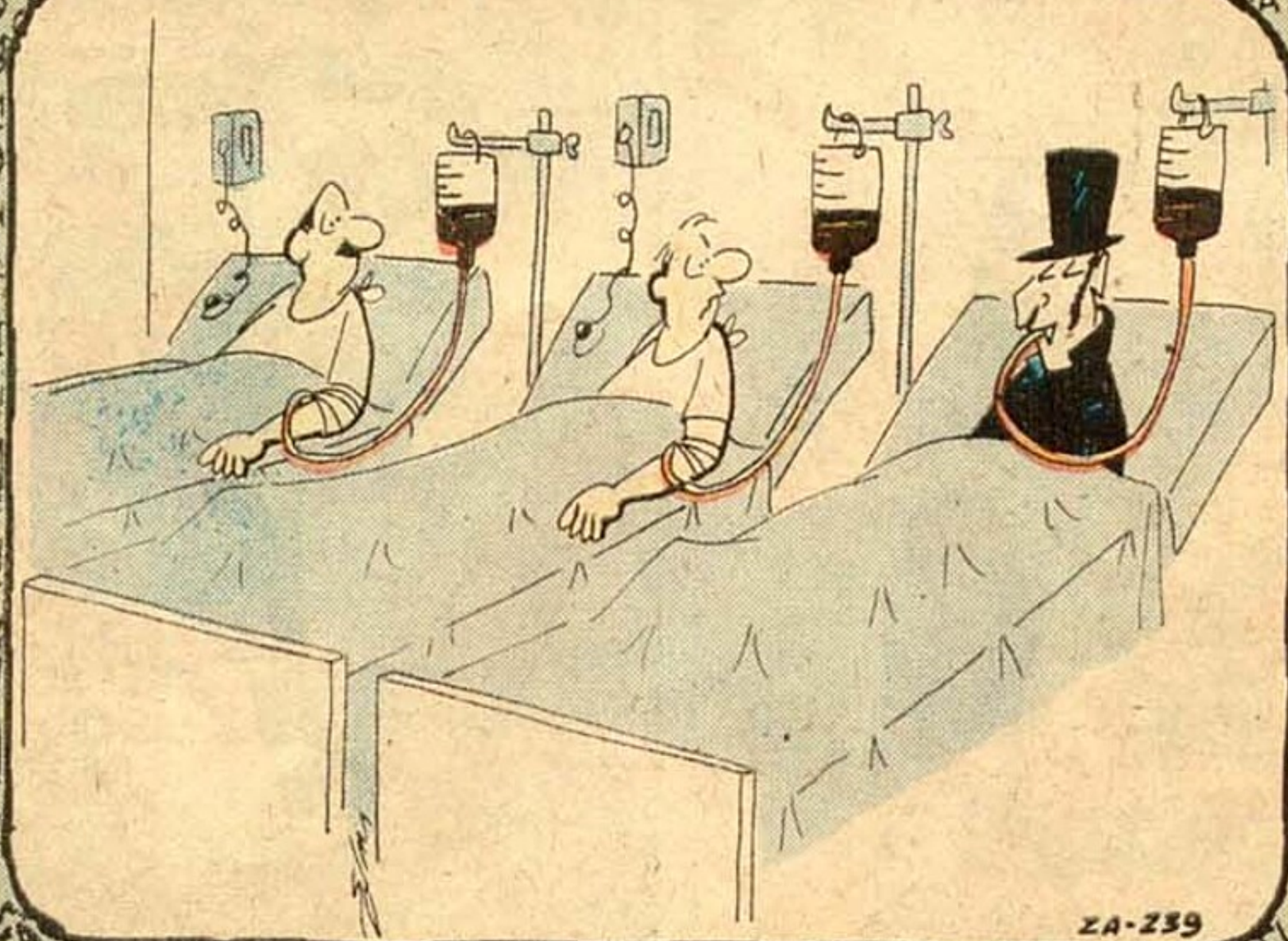
THANKS. THAT CREEP'S BEEN PLAGUING ME FOR YEARS.
PLOP

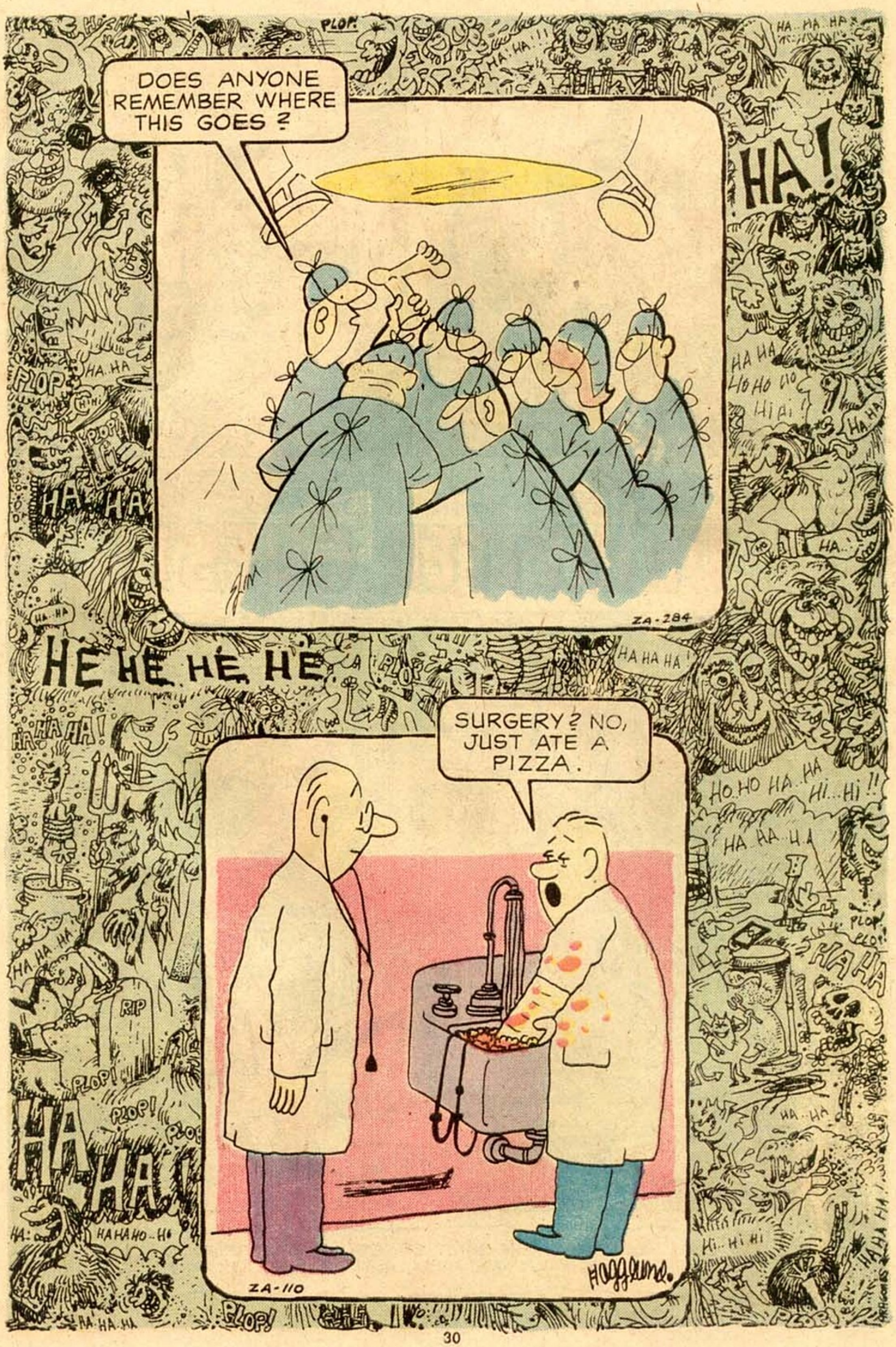

FIRST ROUND'S ON ME.
YOU'RE ON!
5¢
END
3

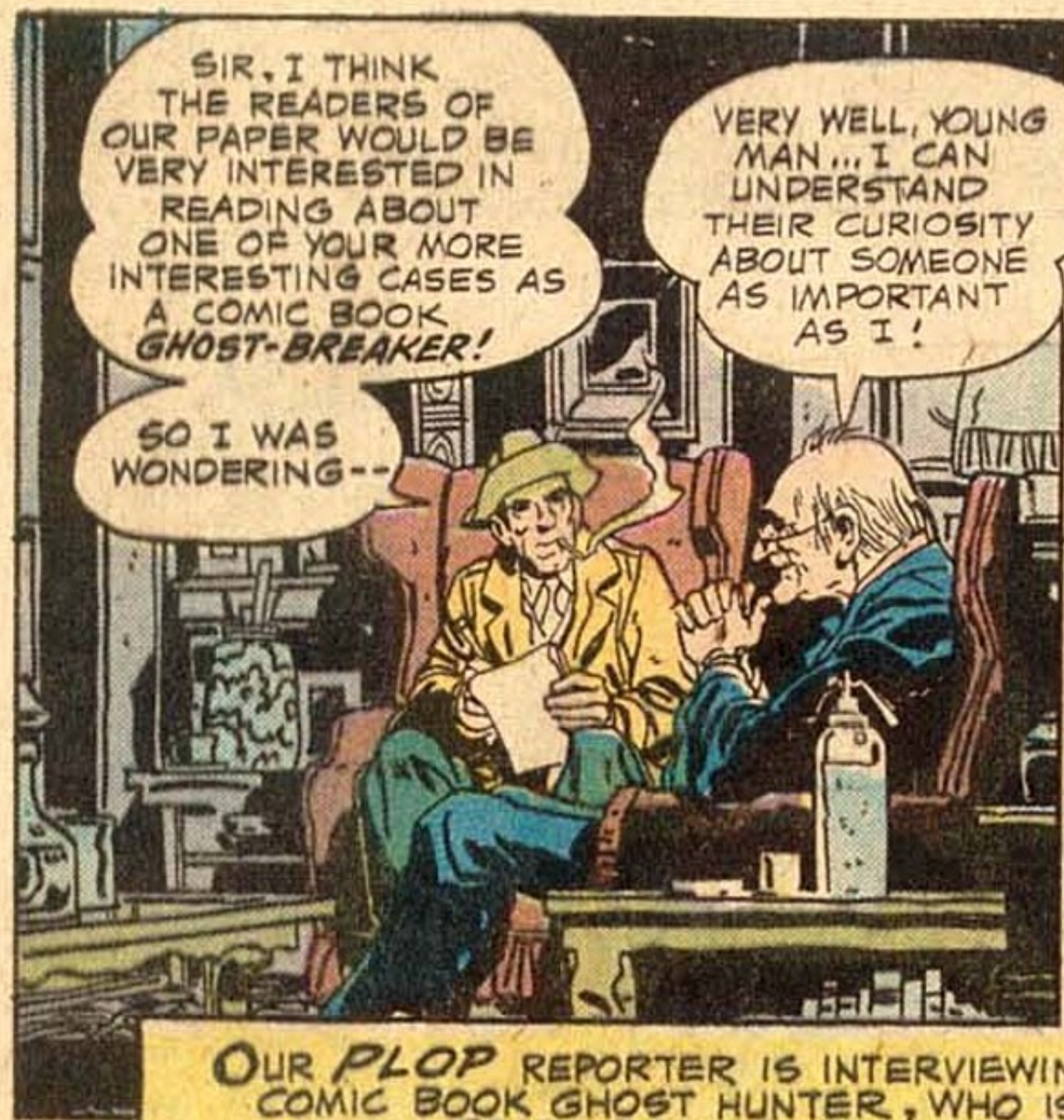
FOR ALL YOU GUYS OUT THERE WITH WEAK STOMACHS WE HAVE A SURE-FIRE REMEDY. OUR VERY OWN...

# PRESCRIPTION PLOPS




PLOP
DOES ANYONE REMEMBER WHERE THIS GOES ?
HA!
HA HA HA
HO HO HO
HI HI !!
HA HA
HA
ZA-284
HE HE HE HE
HA HA HA
SURGERY ? NO, JUST ATE A PIZZA.
HO HO HA HA
HI...HI !!
HA HA HA
PLOP
PLOP
HA HA
HA HA HA
RIP
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA HA!
HA HA HO HO HI
HA HA HA
HI HI HI
HA HA HA
ZA-110
Hoggarth.
PLOP!
PLOP



ZA-58

OUR PLOP REPORTER IS INTERVIEWIN' DR. GHOST-BREAKER, FAMOUS COMIC BOOK GHOST HUNTER, WHO IS ABOUT TO GIVE HIM THE SCARY DETAILS OF THE GHOSTLY CASE CALLED...

# "THE UNINVITED GUEST!"

"THE GHOST HADN'T BEEN THERE WHEN THE NOBLES MOVED INTO THEIR STATELY HOME, BUT AS SOON AS THEY WERE SETTLED, HE BARGED IN!"

HELLO THERE!

EEEK!

WHA-?

PLOT: JOHN JACOBSON
SCRIPT: STEVE SKEATES
ART: BILL DRAUT

"AND, FROM THEN ON, THE GHOST STAYED! IT NEVER TRIED TO HIDE; THE SPECTRAL SHOW-OFF WAS ALWAYS OUT IN THE OPEN!"

"THE GHOST WASN'T EXACTLY WHAT YOU WOULD CALL EVIL! BUT HE WAS GIVEN TO CHILDISH PRANKS!"
HEE HEE!
HEE HEE HEE!
GOOD GRIEF! THIS IS THE THIRD ROAST HE'S STOLEN THIS WEEK!
NO! NOT AGAIN!

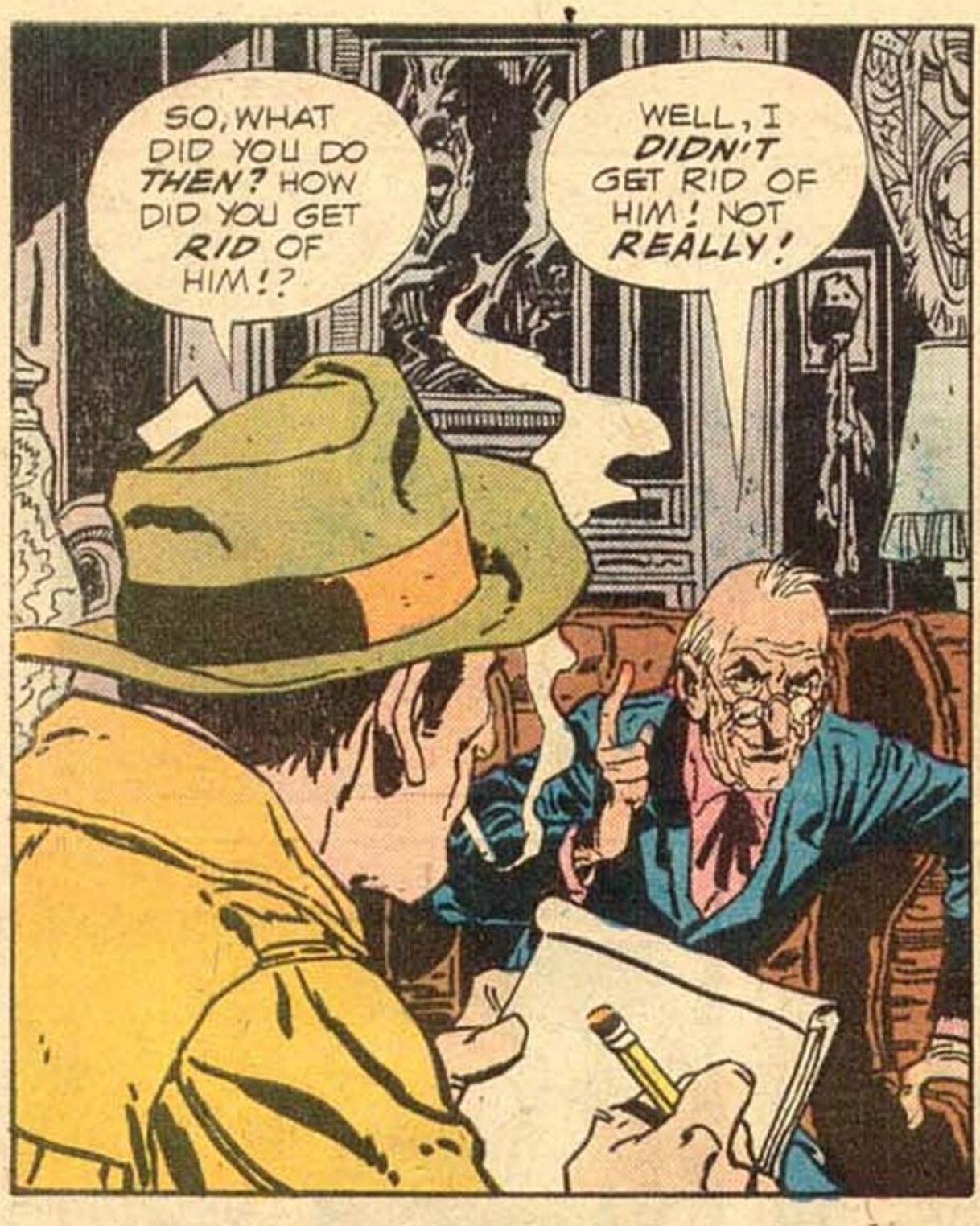
"LIKE, WHENEVER THE NOBLES WOULD PLAY CROQUET, THE GHOST WOULD, WHILE THEIR BACKS WERE TURNED, STEAL AND HIDE THE BALLS!"
WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE DID YOU HIDE THEM THIS TIME?
HEE HEE!

"AND, FINALLY, WHEN THE NOBLES COULD STAND NO MORE, THEY SENT FOR ME!"
NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU FOLKS?
HEE HEE HEE!
DOCTOR GHOST-BREAKER! HIM! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

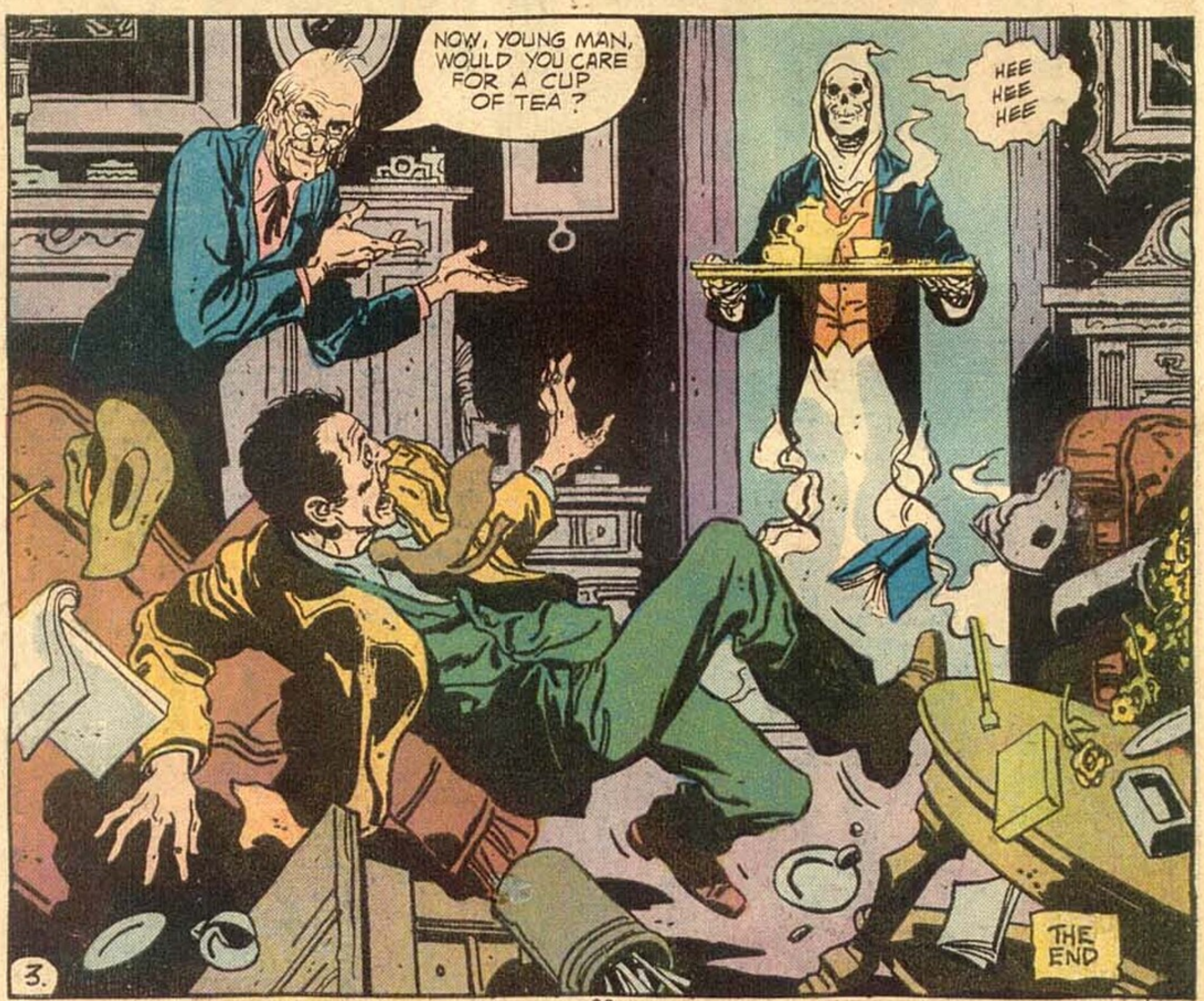
"SO, I TRIED EVERY MYSTIC TRICK I KNEW..."
POONBIE... TANGBIE... EVIL ONE, DEPART!

"...I TRIED AND I TRIED AND I TRIED..."
HEIROXIE... CLAMBO BLEEG! GO, DAMN YOU, GO!
?

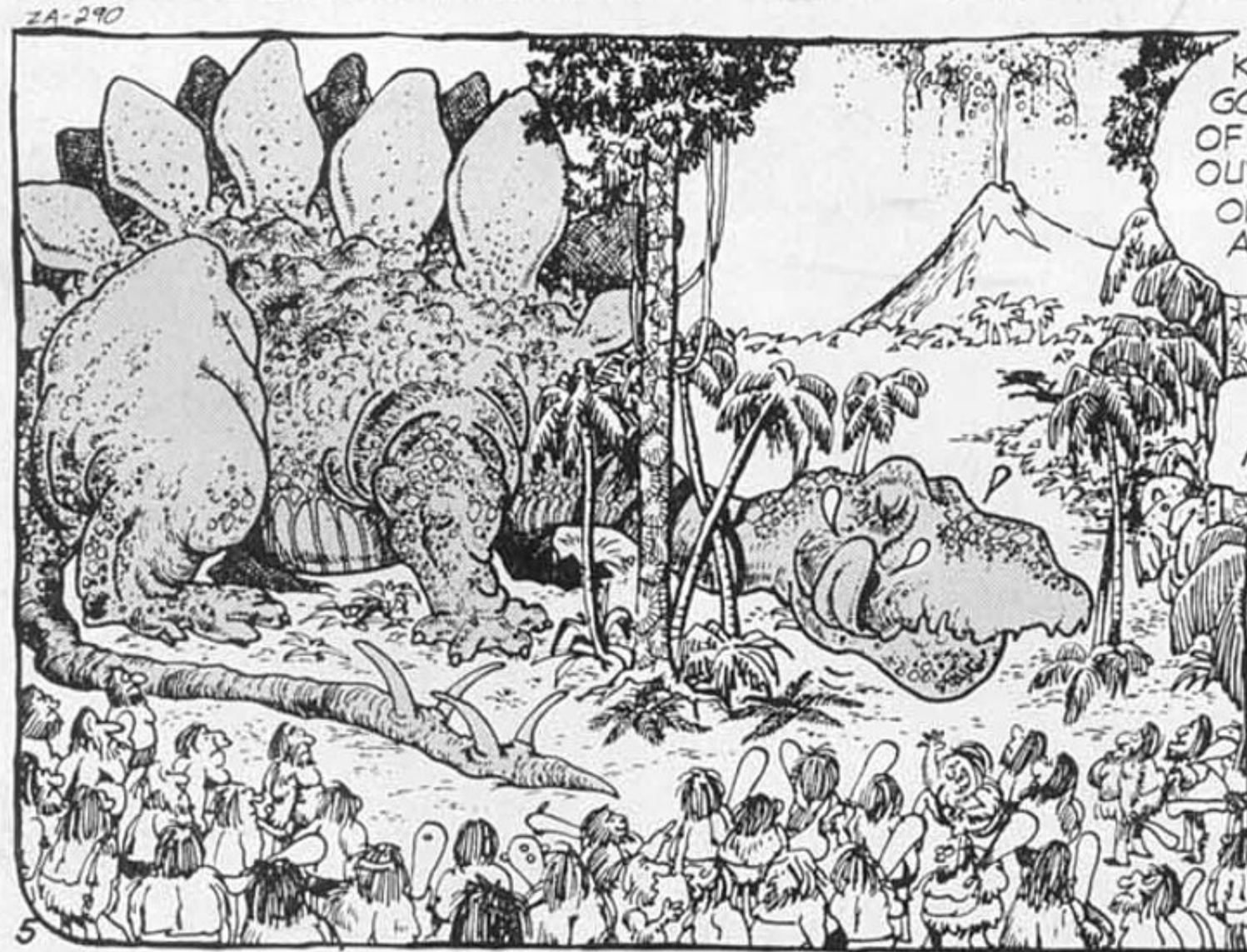
"BUT NOTHING I DID WOULD WORK... FOR SOME REASON, EVEN I WAS UNABLE TO EXORCISE THE GHOST!"
DRAT! IT WON'T WORK! IT JUST WON'T WORK!
DRAT! DRAT!
HEE HEE HEE!


SO, WHAT DID YOU DO THEN? HOW DID YOU GET RID OF HIM!?
WELL, I DIDN'T GET RID OF HIM! NOT REALLY!

OH, SURE, BEING AN EXPERT GHOST-BREAKER, I WAS ABLE TO GET HIM OUT OF THE NOBLES' HOME!
BUT, SINCE I COULDN'T SEEM TO EXORCISE HIM, COULDN'T SEEM TO SEND HIM BACK TO THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET HIM OUT WAS THROUGH THE RATHER UNCONVENTIONAL MEANS OF OFFERING HIM STEADY EMPLOYMENT ELSEWHERE!


NOW, YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU CARE FOR A CUP OF TEA?
HEE HEE HEE
3.
THE END

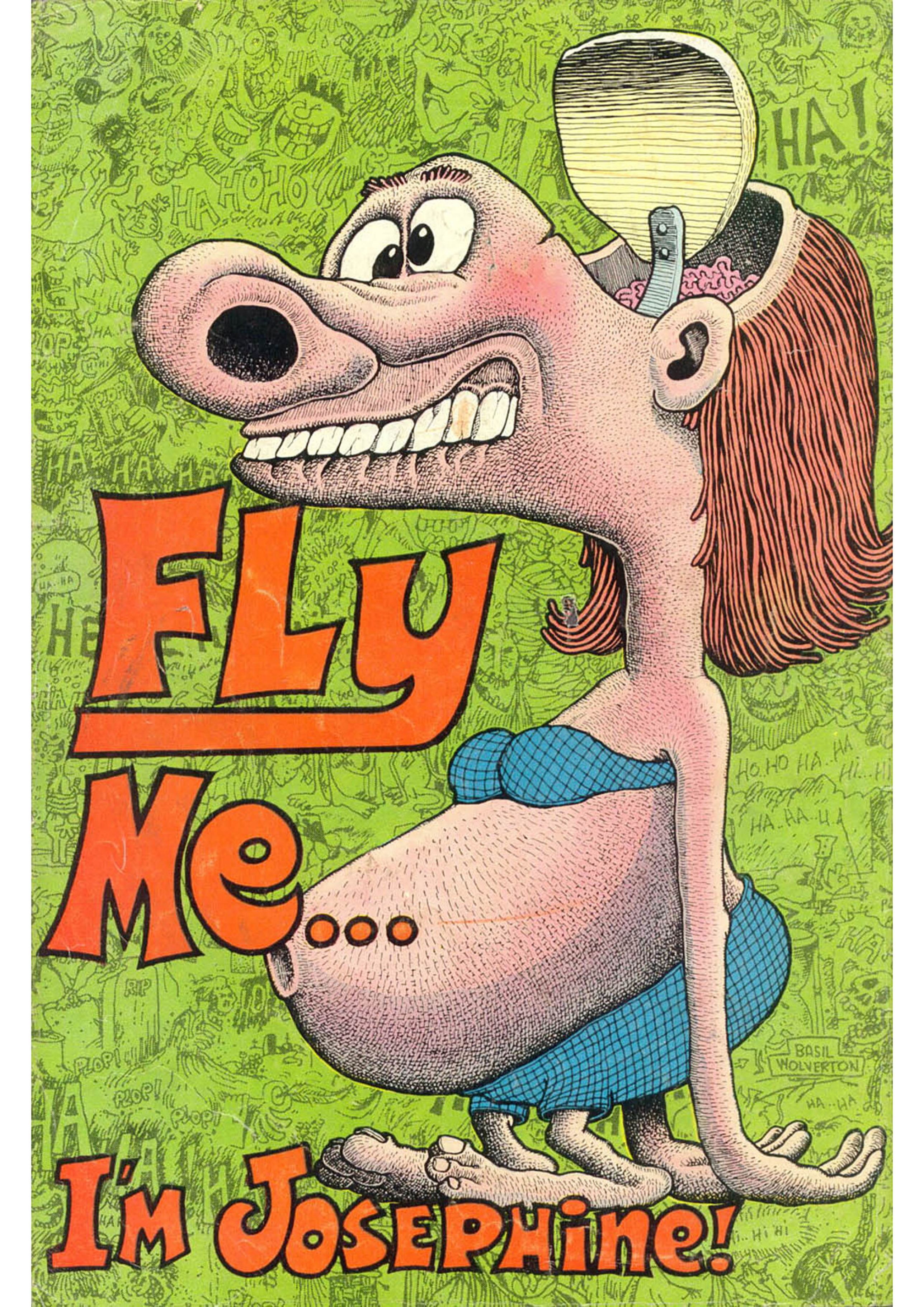
ZA-290



the end



**NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE SECOND WEEK IN JUNE**


HA!
HA HO HO
FLY
ME...
BASIL WOLVERTON
I'M JOSEPHINE!